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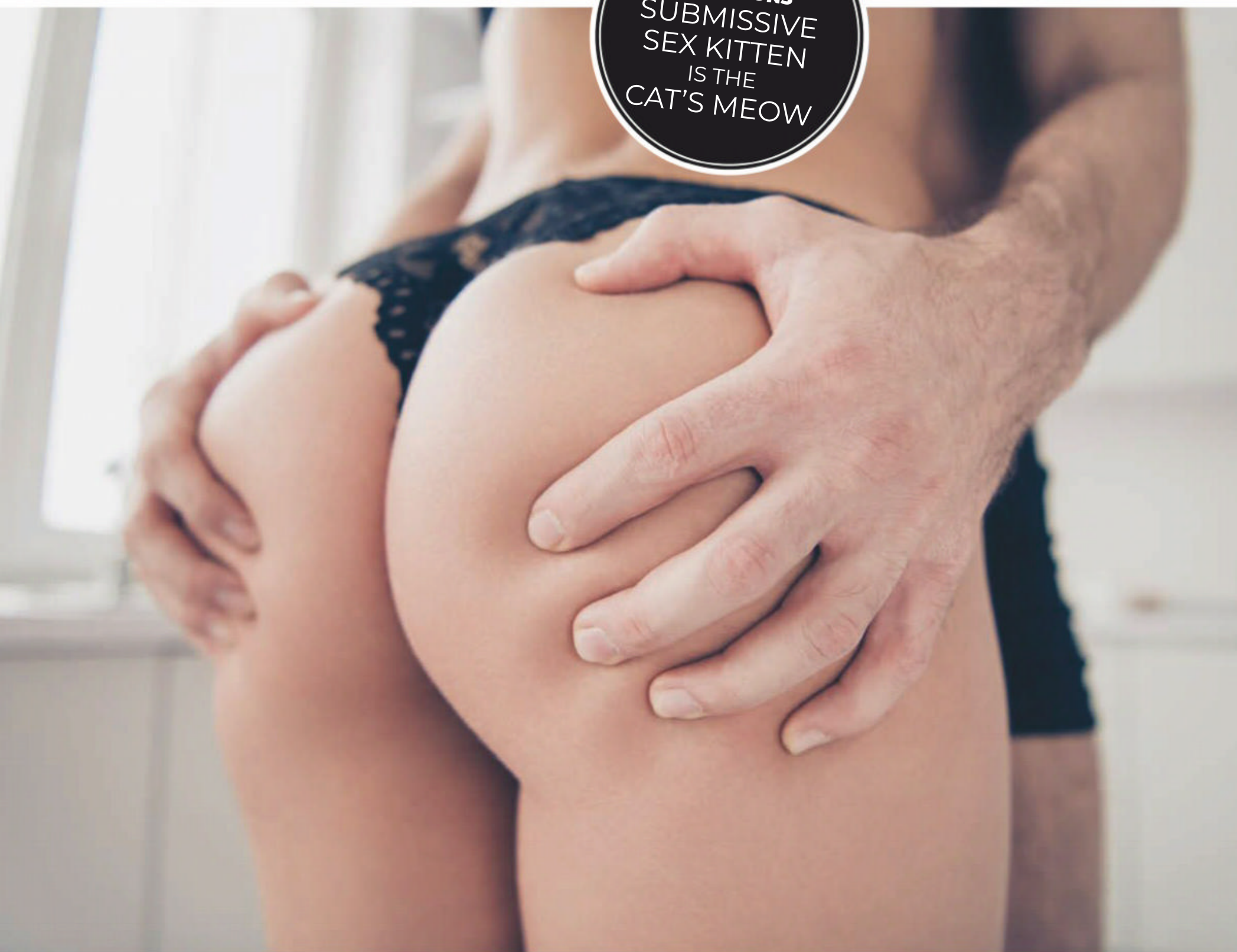
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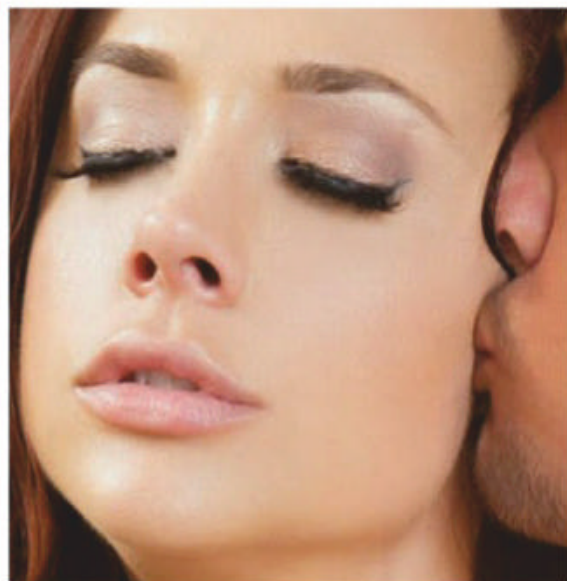
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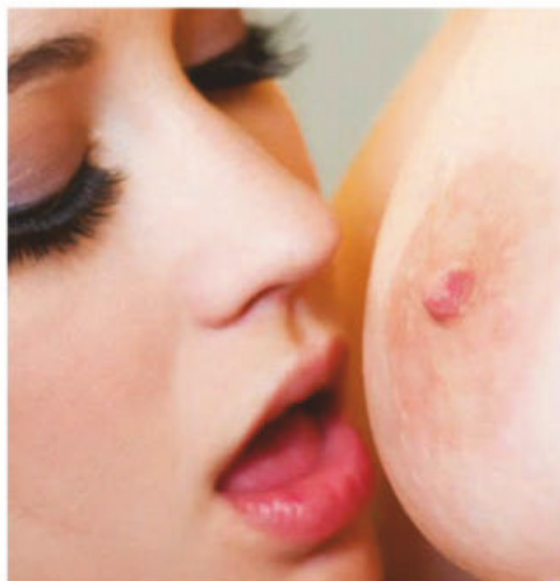
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SALUTATIONS

Here at *Penthouse Letters*, we're in the business of pleasure.

But based on the stories in this issue, it seems our tireless readers have also been hard at work!

The torrid tales we've collected for this edition capture the secret thrill of after-hours blowjobs and wild flings with co-workers, as well as the dangerous game of banging the boss!

Catching some on-the-clock action makes your paycheck even sweeter, but there's even more fun to be had once you leave the workplace behind!

The group gropes in Clusterfucks, seductions in True Confessions and eye-opening first times in Maiden Voyages show how much our readers are devoted to debauchery—while at work and play.

Have you had a passionate affair that's too good to keep a secret? Toss back the covers and tell all!

Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine.

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True Confes

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sions



Lovers Anonymous

I was the one to whom everyone told their secrets. Friends trusted me implicitly. Things they'd never whisper to anybody else, they would confess to me. It had always been this way.

I was glad to lend an ear, but sometimes it got to be a bit much. I had enough salacious dirt on every one of my friends that I could have blackmailed them from now until doomsday—but of course, I never would.

There was a burden that came with that level of intimate knowledge. I was the only one in our circle who knew Deborah had started visiting an S&M club. Only I was aware that Daniel had his first gay experience two months ago and couldn't stop thinking about it.

It got even more complicated than

that. Luke had confessed he was cheating on Diane, which turned out to be fine, since Diane told me privately that she was sleeping around on Luke.

That lascivious info piled up in my brain. The details could be overwhelming. My personal life had its share of romance and sexual adventure, but the confessional data was like a dragging weight. It was as if I weren't just living my life, but also somehow inhabiting everyone else's drama.

So, when I was sent away on a business convention weekend after nobody else wanted to go, I was so happy. What I needed more than anything right now was some sweet anonymity. I wanted to be around people whose secrets I didn't know, people who also didn't know me. It

would be refreshing.

The convention wasn't anywhere prestigious or exotic, which was why few in my company were interested in attending. I didn't care. I didn't intend to leave the hotel or conference center.

I flew out, checked in, contacted the conference chairwoman, and arranged for all my official meetings and seminars.

Meanwhile, there was the informal side to the weekend—the personal contacts one might make. Different corporate reps mingled in the lobby bar. I wanted a drink, but I didn't feel like getting chummy.

I left off my name tag and went down in the elevator. I was already feeling a little more at ease. My friends—God love 'em—were far away, a hornet's nest of problems and emotional craziness that

I didn't have to deal with for a couple of days.

Here at this hotel I was just Gwen. Actually, without my name tag I wasn't even that. I was just "woman in business suit," like an extra in a movie. Granted, I was younger and hotter than a few of the other women I saw around.

When I got to the bar, I ordered a gin and tonic. Around me I heard the swirl of corporate conversation, with flirty undertones and the occasional double entendre. All these others were here for the weekend, too. Some saw that as the opportunity for a hookup. I hadn't come here with the intention of getting laid.

A peace came over me. Without my identifying tag I was invisible to the other reps circulating around the bar. Seriously, it was like I was outside their visible spectrum if I wasn't a potential contact. That suited me fine. I smirked privately and sipped slowly at my cocktail.

Eventually I grew aware of someone observing me. He appeared to be another lone wolf, a man without a name tag. He was nicely dressed, his fine features evident even at a distance. He wasn't ogling me, but now and then his gaze alit on me and held a moment before moving on.

In the abstract, the attention was pleasant. But when he got up and came toward me, I considered bolting out of the bar. My mind took the moment and turned it inside out, and suddenly I had an idea. Maybe some sex fun would be nice—if that was what this man had in mind—but it would only be on my terms.

And those terms were going to be absolute.

He came and stood beside my stool. Up close he was even handsomer. His body seemed to have good lines beneath his suit. He was drawing a breath for his opening line when I cut him off:

"I'm with Lovers Anonymous," I said. Then, to drive the point home, I pretended to offer him a business card.

He took my invisible card, "examined" it, then peered into my eyes. Here was the real test. Would he start talking, or would he understand the premise?

He smiled, nodded, and made a courtly gesture toward the bar's exit.

In the elevator, I hit the button for my

floor. I waited. If he spoke—if he so much as told me his *name*—I would cancel this thing. But he remained silent.

Excitement kindled in me. There was an added thrill to the normal arousal I might feel. The notion of completely anonymous sex brought a tingle to me.

I opened the door with my key card. He followed me in. My anticipation mounted. Was I really doing this? It certainly wasn't my sexual M.O., but it seemed a good antidote to the avalanche of too much information I'd

**If he spoke
—if he so much
as told me
his name—
I would cancel
this thing.
But he remained
silent.**

been subjected to back home.

We stopped at the foot of the broad hotel bed and faced each other. I imagined what words would normally go here, then pushed them out of my mind. I leaned in to kiss him. He was doing the same, the timing perfect. Our lips met. The kiss started off soft, gentle, then it grew in passion. Our mouths worked together. Lips parted. Tongues emerged. Our arms swept around each other. We were pressing tightly together.

I didn't know his name. I didn't even know what his voice sounded like! Uncertain why that was such a turn-on,

I kissed him harder. I grinded my body against his. I shamelessly jammed my crotch on his, feeling his delectable swelling.

His strong hands roved over my back. I slid mine beneath his suit jacket to grope his torso, relishing his muscular shape. If we were talking, I'd probably have to ask him if he worked out. But this was wordless. All the inane preliminaries had been eliminated.

We started divesting each other of our clothing. I eagerly shed my business apparel, then my underwear. He stood naked before me. His cock stood tall and firm. His body was gorgeous.

Together we got onto the bed, lying down facing each other. Our mouths came together, hungrily searching. Our tongues swirled eagerly.

I explored his skin, which was smooth with hard muscle beneath. I reached behind and groped firm chunks of his ass. He put a hand to my breast and squeezed. My nipples twanged with pleasure. My pussy was already hungry.

His hard cock pressed against my belly. I could feel the individual throbs of his fat swollen cockhead. I took him in my grip. His body jerked at the contact, and he made a grunting sound—no words, though. He must have fully understood by now that this was to be a wholly anonymous encounter.

That anonymity freed us both. We didn't have to cautiously feel each other out. Obviously, this was a purely sexual episode, two people attracted to each other. But typically one-night stands required conversational foreplay. Details had to be exchanged.

Not tonight.

I began to nibble my way down his chest. When he saw where I was heading, he helpfully rolled onto his back. I slipped into the embrace of his strong legs. Muscular thighs closed on my shoulders. My face hung above his cock.

Cradling his balls in my hand, I dropped my mouth onto his hard knob. I ran my tongue over him. Reaction ran through his body. His legs tightened on me, then loosened as I started sucking him down to his hilt.

His inches were vein-lined. My lips stayed locked around his girth. Relaxing my neck muscles, I deep-throated him. He let out a guttural growl of pleasure.



I gave his balls a gentle fondling, then I started seriously blowing him. My head rose and dropped. I sucked him all the way with every plunge. His masculine flavor filled my mouth.

I was sucking the cock of a man whose name I didn't know. The moment was both unreal and somehow profound. But whatever it was, it filled me with a deep ecstasy. My pussy streamed.

He reached down to touch my shoulder. With a nod he indicated I should roll over. I took my mouth off him and laid back. He moved down between my legs, which I spread wide. It was a beautiful sight, seeing him kneel at the altar of my pussy, lower his mouth to my wet mound, and proceed to lick me.

His tongue was agile. He parted my lips and speared deep inside me. I rolled my hips, mashing my pussy on his face. It didn't daunt him. He only ate me harder. Skillfully he homed in on my

pulsing clit. His tongue tip flicked and batted me. I lifted my ass off the bed, an animalistic cry climbing my throat.

I came hard, pumping out my juices. When he rose from between my legs, his chin was gleaming. He looked half-dazed, half in a frenzy. I wanted his cock inside me—*deep* inside.

Words probably wouldn't have been necessary at this point, but knowing they were "forbidden" made it all the more exciting. He lunged up onto me, poised above me a moment, then drove his cock into my well-licked pussy.

I sank into the mattress under his muscled weight. Quickly I rebounded, bucking my hips, matching his downstrokes with upward shoves. We were in perfect carnal harmony. He plowed me deep, bottoming out in my pussy. Pleasure radiated through me.

It was a pure act, some distant part of me noted. All the civilized trappings had been stripped away. We were like two

consensual beasts. Sex was the only thing connecting us, but rather than the anonymity cheapening or tarnishing the deed, it only enhanced it.

He picked up speed. I put my hands to his shoulders, fingers sinking into firm flesh. I writhed beneath him, taking his thrusts. Mounting pleasure twisted his handsome face. I bared my teeth and hissed at him.

He was pounding me now. Our bodies smacked together loudly, nameless flesh to nameless flesh. A powerful knot of hot joy gathered. Suddenly he howled and the knot came undone. Orgasmic bliss ripped through me as his spunk came in jet after jet.

Afterward, we kissed once. Then he dressed and left. I saw him a couple times that weekend. We made eye contact and smiled but never spoke a word to each other.

—Gwen V., Baton Rouge, LA

Portrait of Lust



I'm an artist, and sometimes my hands have a life of their own. Sometimes the art just comes pumping through my fingers.

It seemed I'd been drawing all my life. I had this constant compulsion to take the world and put it down on paper, giving it my own spin.

I always had a pad with me when I was out and about. That was for those times when the urge overtook me. Usually it was when I saw something inspiring, like a street scene or a cloud formation against the skyline or when a beautiful woman struck me just so.

One of those occasions happened when I was down by the wharf. Boats and seascapes are fun to draw. It was a bright day, and I was sitting on a concrete embankment, overlooking a row of benches and the water beyond.

My charcoal stick was moving rapidly, black bits on the white paper. Vessels were emerging along with the marina's whole ambience. Sometimes you have to draw atmosphere, even when you can't see it.

As I worked, a woman came and sat on one of the benches, facing me. It

took me a minute to notice her, then I wondered how I hadn't scoped her out immediately. She was gorgeous. Dressed for the weather, she showed off her taut body. She had ample breasts and sat with poise. It was almost like she was modeling for me.

Hastily I flipped the page and started drawing her. My hands moved in that magic way that meant they were bypassing my brain and taking orders straight from my artistic soul. I had excellent eyesight, and even at this distance I could see the lovely planes of her face, her sensual lips, the smoky cast of her eyes.

As the charcoal flew, my cock also grew. Excitement rippled. Desire was like a heat in me. I used it to drive my hands even faster.

Soon the portrait was done, but my energy remained. I flipped to another page and started again. This time, though, I drew her naked.

I could easily imagine her out of her clothes. Her tits' curves came into being. I conveyed her thighs' silkiness and drew in the squiggle of her pussy lips. She continued to sit unknowingly

for me, seeming to simply bask in the sun.

Hunched over, I poured on the final touches. Her nude beauty was now captured on the paper. It was one of the best pieces I'd ever drawn. I looked up as if to share this triumph with my subject, but the bench was empty. She was gone. And I couldn't go over and show her a naked drawing of herself. How creepy would that be? It was bad enough that I'd sketched her in such a state without her knowledge or permission.

Suddenly a shadow fell over me. I turned to see someone standing behind me, looking at the picture. My heart jolted in my chest. It was *her*. Oh, shit! I made to close the sketchbook, but it was obviously too late. Now she would—rightfully—tear me a new one.

But as I shaded my eyes, I saw she was smiling. More than that, her eyes smoldered at me. She said, "I thought you were drawing me. I didn't know it was such an intimate portrait."

I started stammering an apology. She put a finger to my lips. "Shh. You do good work. Want to pay me back? Do another drawing of me like that one. Only this time I'll model for you for real!"

My embarrassment evaporated. I stood. "I'd be honored to. My name's Jason."

"I'm Mimi. Come on."

She had a high-rise apartment a few blocks away. We walked there. Nervous excitement coursed through me. I'd drawn plenty of live nudes before, but this had a special thrill about it. Up close she was even more beautiful than at a distance. Her skin was flawless, her eyes a lovely deep color. Even her cool fragrance aroused me. I held my sketch pad in front of me to hide my erection.

We entered her apartment. A fleecy carpet stretched from the door to a row of big windows where the sunlight was pouring in. The time of day was just right. Without waiting for a prompt, she started shedding her clothing.

My eyes widened as she stripped.



She was riper, juicier, a more succulent example of feminine loveliness than I'd guessed. My gaze lingered on her high breasts and firm ass.

She walked naked toward the windows. The light bathed her, enhancing her beauty. I had to capture this. Already my hands were shaking with pent-up need. I grabbed a stool and opened to a new page.

She laid down on the carpeting, striking an effortless pose that was natural and enchanting. I couldn't have gotten her into that position if I'd tried for half an hour.

"You should take off your clothes, too," she said.

I didn't pause to argue. I needed to draw her. If she wanted me naked, fine. Quickly I stripped, relieved to have my hard-on freed. Then I set about sketching her yet again. This time was by far the most intense. Charcoal dust rose in clouds. Her lines came easily, magically. I painted the sunlight. My cock throbbed the whole time.

Finally, I gasped. It was done. I brought it over to where she laid. She smiled, nodded, and said, "It's perfect." Then she drew me down onto the floor. I set the pad aside.

Even with all the nudity, I hadn't been sure if this strange encounter was going to lead anywhere specifically sexual. Mimi relieved me of my uncertainty by pulling my face toward hers. She set her mouth hungrily on mine. At the same time, she grabbed my cock and squeezed.

I moaned and answered her ravenous kiss. Our tongues flashed together. I put a hand on her breast, finding the nipple stiff. I pulled on the bud, twisting it. She gripped my shaft harder, giving me a few forceful pumps. My excitement mounted.

I rolled on top of her. Her skin was even softer than I'd imagined. I felt myself sinking into her body's womanly wonderland. The musky aroma of her arousal filled my nostrils. I rubbed my cock on her flat belly. I felt the sunlight on my back.

I moved down to suck on her nipples. She heaved her tits up at me. I shifted further down her supple body, glancing briefly out the big windows. We were high up, but there were still a few nearby buildings that were taller. I wondered

if anyone was watching us. Mimi didn't seem to care, so neither did I.

She spread her legs. I scrambled down between them. I kissed her inner thighs, then moved to her pussy, placing my mouth on the slick cleft. Her juices were already moving. I coaxed more wetness as I parted her with my tongue. I delved deeper, aiming for her clit. It awaited me, a swollen, needy nub of joy.

I worked it until her hips were bucking, until her ass was lifting spastically from the carpet and she was humping hard on my face. A cry rose and tore from her throat. She came hard on my mouth. Warm fluid dribbled down my chin.

When I sat up, she reversed our positions. Even during sex, she moved gracefully. No motion seemed wasted, yet it was all natural and smooth. I laid back as she settled between my legs, her gorgeous ass pointed in the air, her mouth hovering over my straining cock.

She took hold of my balls and dropped her mouth over my bloated cockhead. Her tongue's swirling caused every muscle in my body to jump with pleasure. She sealed her lips around me and plunged down my shaft. The ring of her mouth dropped to my base without interruption, with no gag reflex.

Mimi's head lifted and fell in a fluid cocksucker's rhythm. Her mouth was warm. Her tongue continued to wriggle on my staff, finding new pleasures every time she touched me. The soft

into her streaming pussy. She lowered herself onto me. I felt her sweet, slick grasp. She planted her palms flat on my chest and began to ride me energetically.

Again, there was that ease of movement. It was a wonder I'd been able to capture her in a static image. She was made to move. I watched her bounce on my cock, knees working, tits jiggling. I met her with my eager thrusts, spearing deep up into her sensual core.

Her sensual mouth started to work, at first forming only shapes, then sounds spilled out. Finally, a fresh cry of joy came from her. Her interior walls clutched me, and I felt the spasm of her orgasm ripping through her.

Panting, she dismounted and laid back again on the carpet. I moved onto her, needing to seriously fuck this woman, desperate to unload my come inside her. I slipped my slick cock into her silken pussy and began to stroke into her.

I was already in high gear. My thrusts came rapidly and forcefully. She undulated wildly underneath me. Pleasure uncurled in me, gathering toward an orgasmic finale. She wriggled as a fresh wave of pleasure swelled within her. I fucked her harder.

The fleecy carpet burned a little under my knees, but there was no stopping now. I was pounding her. With every stroke I was slamming her balls-deep. Her eyes rolled up into her head. Her back arched. As a new cry came to her lips, the pleasure overwhelmed me.

I'd drawn plenty of live nudes before, but this had a special thrill about it. Up close she was even more beautiful than at a distance.

pressure of her hand on my balls increased the carnal delight. Spit ran out of the corners of her mouth, but she sucked diligently until I was about halfway to shooting my load.

When she pulled her mouth off me, she immediately climbed up onto me and slotted my spit-gleaming cock up

I released, my balls tightening. I came in thick liquid spouts of ecstasy, spurt after spurt until it was done.

Afterward we laid in the day's fading sunlight. I ran my hands over her. What a portrait we'd made.

—Jason M., Sheboygan, WI





Bohemian Beauty



My wife is one of the most generous and kind people I've ever met, but unfortunately, we've always been sexually mismatched. I wouldn't call her frigid, but in the last year she's gradually stopped sleeping with me. By the time Labor Day rolled around again, I could count on one hand the number of times we'd been intimate that year. I have a hectic and successful career to keep me busy and distracted, and again, things didn't change overnight. And yet it's obvious that we're more like old friends than lovers.

I found myself tempted by several affairs, and then I hated myself for feeling the urge to cheat. I also did not want to be like my father and end up another middle-aged cliché who ruins his reputation with the drama of an affair and subsequently loses all his money in divorce court. And so in spite of all my built-up tension and desire, I did everything to remain faithful—until one very unusual night.

You know that perfect “Indian summer” weather that hits the Northeast right around early or mid-September? It's that last little hurrah of sunny, 80-degree days before the fall hits. On such a week, I arrived home from work to find the lights on in our pool house.

I pulled up the driveway and killed the engine. Fran hadn't mentioned anyone coming into town and her car was gone, so I was curious. As I drew closer, I noticed a figure floating in the middle of our swimming pool.

Could one of Fran's family members have stopped in for a visit? Once I came close enough to make out the finer details, two things became clear: one, there was an impossibly beautiful young lady in my pool by herself; and two, I had never seen her before.

The “water nymph” rested on a raft in the middle of the pool, her eyes closed. She had long, dark-blond hair that fell in loose waves all around her. A tiny white crocheted string bikini wrapped around the subtle curves of her sun-bronzed body. She had what appeared to be henna tattoos around her wrists and ankles and

wore a quartz pendant that rested just above the valley of her sloping breasts.

I debated whether to make myself known, because just by watching her, I could feel the dusty machinations of arousal switching on and coming online. Just imagining her young body against mine could be enough, I thought.

But then the nymph smiled and opened her eyes. "You must be Fran's husband."

"I—uh, yeah." I smiled back. "Hi. And who are you?"

She giggled. "I guess they didn't tell you? Sorry, I'm sure it's weird to find a strange person in your pool."

I shook my head and stepped onto the patio. "I'm not worried. We don't get many random people pool-crashing all the way up here in the mountains."

The nymph smiled again and sat up. "Well, you know your wife's friend Crystal?"

I pondered. "Oh yeah—'Yoga Crystal.'" My wife has a whole cache of somewhat nutty "new age" friends, and they are all benevolent, but if you didn't grow up hearing about your "chakras" and all, it's a bit of a doozy sometimes.

She laughed. "Yeah. I'm her daughter, Chloe—stepdaughter, actually."

"Oh, right." I sat down on a chair. "I don't think I saw you at the wedding."

Chloe shook her head. "I was backpacking around Thailand, and then I went right back to school."

"Wow." I relaxed a little. "That must've been interesting."

Chloe smirked. "Oh, it was an adventure, but so many beautiful beaches!"

"That's what I keep hearing. I'm dying to check it out myself." I stole another glance up and down her body, still unable to tell if she was jailbait or legal. "So, what year are you?"

She giggled. "Well, I'm twenty-two, but I'm only just now going into my sophomore year. I took some time off between high school and college."

"Oh, cool. What did you do then?"

"Europe." And with that, Chloe slipped off the raft and dunked

Just imagining her young body against mine could be enough, I thought. I reached down and cupped her ass, feeling the flimsy bikini ties release themselves.



herself in the water. As she came up for air with her eyes closed, I didn't stop staring at her breasts.

"The water's really nice and warm," she said, coquettishly swimming over to rest on the concrete ledge near my chair.

"I bet." I was mesmerized by this young nymph. "You and Crystal are here visiting?"

Chloe shrugged. "It's more of a visit for her. I'm just biding my time."

I chuckled. "You're doing a good job of it. The pool barely got any use this summer."

She smiled. "Come join me?"

"Oh—uh—I, uh," I sputtered.

I try to maintain a decent physique. I'm probably in better shape now than I was at twenty-five. I go running and lift on a regular basis, and thanks to these efforts plus some decent genetics, I don't look like I'm in my fifties. I still have a full head of dark hair with a few dashes of "salt and pepper," and I have bit of a dark, short-trimmed beard going on, too. I'm definitely not bad-looking, and yet in that moment I couldn't comprehend my good fortune: a gorgeous spinner less than half my age was trying to entice me.

"Come on!" Chloe giggled. "Crystal and Fran went to dinner and some Yanni-type concert or whatever." She gave me another teasing look. "They probably won't be back until really late."

"All right, you win." I stood up. "I'll be right back."

"What? Where are you going?"

I smirked. "To put on my swim trunks."

"Don't be silly, Mr. D."

The way she addressed me made me feel like a dirty old man, and I liked it. "Young lady," I played along and flirted back. "I don't know what you're suggesting, but—"

"Why don't I show you, then?" Chloe reached around and untied her top, but she knew how to tease, tugging on the strings while the triangles still concealed her breasts.

I inhaled sharply. "Oh, wow." I felt my face flush. "You are gorgeous, Chloe, but I don't want to get in trouble."

"Come on," she pressed, inching her top down a little bit more, giving just the slightest glimpse of her perky pink nipples. "I haven't had any fun at all

since my boyfriend and I broke up."

From there, biology overrode my brain. "I haven't had any fun myself in a very long time, either."

Chloe splashed me and giggled. "Come on, then." She tossed her top on the deck and dove under the water, surfacing in the middle of the deep end.

I quickly stripped and dove in, startling her somewhat with the speed at which I reached her.

She gave me another smile before we started kissing. Under the water, I caressed her young, firm tits, reveling in the softness. *This is what I've been missing*, I thought.

We moved over to the ledge where, without the burden of having to tread water, we could enjoy ourselves more. I reached down and cupped her ass, feeling the flimsy bikini ties release themselves. She reached for my dick then, but I moved her hand away. "I want to enjoy you first." I started to tease her pussy with my fingers. "Will you let me taste you?"

Chloe moaned and nodded. She got up out of the water and sat on the edge of the pool, opening her legs for me. "Does this work?" She opened her lips up and started to touch herself.

If my dick were a torpedo, I would've blown a hole through the side of the pool at the sight of this smooth, wet pussy. "Oh yeah, that's just perfect, baby."

I dove in tongue-first, lavishing attention on her sweet clit while my fingers probed her slit. She was tight, too, so I teased and teased until she was so aroused and open that her pussy practically swallowed my fingers.

She moaned and panted so sweetly, her ass wiggling as she floated on waves of pleasure.

Once I got into a rhythm of licking and finger-fucking, it didn't take long to make her come, and I felt a definite sense of satisfaction that I hadn't lost my touch.

After Chloe came, she closed her eyes and giggled a little. "Now that was...wow..."

"What?"

She opened her eyes and grinned. "Boys my age don't usually know how to do that so well."

I smirked. "You're making me feel

old now."

Chloe laughed and stood up. "Well, I at least want to make you feel good, too!" She motioned for me to come join her by the nearest lounge chair.

I got out of the water and embraced her again. I laid down in the chair and she climbed on top of me, so I could appreciate every exquisite inch of her while impaling that tight pussy.

At first, she was a little awkward trying to ride me without my dick falling out—which betrayed her inexperience, but it was too cute to be off-putting. And once we got going, that little minx was quickly on her way to another orgasm.

"Oh, fuck!" Chloe bit down on her lip. "I'm gonna come again!"

I squeezed her hips and slowed her down. "Here, wait—let's try this."

I had her flip around to reverse cowgirl, which put even more sweet pressure on her G-spot and gave me the most incredible view of my dick deep inside of her.

She squealed in delight and rode me even harder. When she came, her whole body shook, and my load shot out like a torrent, leaving all kinds of cream oozing out.

After a little while, we headed into the house and went at it again. Alas, when I woke up the next morning, Fran and Crystal were back, and Chloe had already left.

"She took Greyhound to meet friends in Sedona." Crystal shook her head. "Classes start next week."

"She's such a little bohemian!" Fran quipped.

Without betraying our secret, I just smiled: "Good for her."

With a renewed sense of *joie de vivre* about me, I decided it was time to part amiably with Fran and finally take that trip to Thailand's Railay Beach; life's just too short not to bask in the sun with kindred spirits, and I owe this new lease on life entirely to one very special free spirit out there, wherever she is.

—F.D., via email

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Storm of Passion

Those of us who'd arrived on campus ahead of the start of the semester awoke to the aftermath of the wild hurricane that had swept through the area overnight. Trees were down, trash was everywhere, power was out and so was the Wi-Fi. Some started to panic. Tiffany stepped up and announced, "Calm down, everybody. We can still get to the cafeteria. Let's get some candles lit. C'mon, it'll be like a campout."

Candles were dutifully lit. A party went to raid the cafeteria. But people were unnerved being without their phones and other devices. It looked like there were about 35 of us in the wing. We were going to have to entertain

ourselves until power returned and normalcy was restored.

We broke out decks of cards and a few board games were discovered. People wandered up and down the hallway. Everyone left their doors open. We were getting bored fast. Tiffany, who I had a secret crush on, went around like a makeshift cheerleader trying to keep everybody's spirits up. She was a take-charge woman and hot as hell.

Suddenly there was a commotion. I heard shocked laughter and stuck my head out. My jaw dropped. There was Darryl, a grin on his face, strolling down the corridor—totally naked! Buck-fucking-naked! He paraded on by as everyone hooted.

"See," Tiffany cried out, "Darryl's got a good idea there!"

That was when it occurred to me that we were completely unsupervised. It was just students in the dorm. No one would bother us right now. We could do just about anything we wanted.

I saw the realization dawn on the other faces around me. Eyes glimmered. Naughty smiles lit up faces. I thought of all the rules that usually governed our behavior in the dorms. The storm had canceled all that. We could act like shipwreck survivors if we felt like it.

Everybody didn't immediately strip off their clothes, though Darryl continued to saunter up and down the corridor, showing off his swimmer's muscles and swinging his cock. Some of the girls were seriously checking him out, along with one or two of the guys.

The sense of liberation intensified. You

could feel it charging the air, crackling like static electricity. The candle glow made everything seem vaguely unreal. We were cut off from civilization. We could only turn to one another.

Right about then I noticed couples pairing off. Some slipped into dorm rooms and closed the doors behind them. Others stood in the hall, leaning against the walls, making out. It all looked random to me. I didn't think most of these pairs had ever been together before now.

Naturally I wanted to hook up with Tiffany, but I'd lost track of her. Instead, a woman named Nicki stepped boldly up to me and said, "Let's kiss." It was as good an opening line as I'd heard. She pressed up against me in the corridor, and we started making out. My excitement grew rapidly.

It wasn't just that Nicki was a soft, tasty female, it was the sense of abandonment that went with what we were doing. Nicki kissed me hard, totally enjoying herself. I got an immediate hard-on and she rubbed her crotch against it, but the whole thing was utterly casual. Under normal circumstances, we surely wouldn't be doing this.

But conditions got abnormal pretty fast after that. Peripherally I was aware of the hookups continuing around me. Darryl went past yet again, but he was hand-in-hand with a girl named Deb, who was as naked as he was.

Not everyone closed their doors. I heard the mounting sounds of passion from some of the rooms. The action in the hall got more serious. Nicki undid my fly and drew out my cock. I pushed her top up over her tits and squeezed her succulent mounds. She jerked my rod, all of it in plain view of everyone.

I looked past Nicki and saw Gretchen, her skirt flipped up onto her back, her legs spread. Jamal was behind her with his pants off. He was fucking Gretchen from behind, slow-stroking into her pussy while she moaned.

Suddenly Nicki was kneeling in front of me. I looked down, spellbound to see my cock being swallowed. Her head bobbed up and down as she made wet slurping sounds. Pleasure danced up my whole body. A little further down the hall, two people were fucking on the carpet.

Nicki pulled my jeans down my legs, and I stepped out of them. I tossed off my shirt and stood there naked. She sucked my cock a while more, then rose, stripped off her clothes, and took my hand. She led me into the nearest room. One of the beds was unoccupied. A *ménage à trois* was underway on the other bed. I wasn't even sure at first glance what the distribution of genders was.

But Nicki had my attention now. Since she'd very nicely sucked my cock, I

**Tits pressed
against my chest.
My cock, with a
mind of its own,
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opened wide.**

knelt between her smooth thighs and licked her pussy's streaming furrow. I stabbed my tongue in deep, polishing her clit. She grabbed hold of my hair and jammed her pussy on my mouth. She came with a hard shudder.

I eagerly mounted her and sank my cock into her. Her slick pussy walls grasped me. I stroked hard into her. She heaved her tits up against me. She kissed my mouth, getting a taste of her own juice. I caught the faint flavor of my cock on her tongue.

Suddenly someone was standing right beside the bed. It was a wiry blond named Janey. She was naked and

watching us with wide, hungry eyes. Nicki invited her onto the bed, pulling her into her arms and kissing her. I pulled out of Nicki and slotted myself into Janey's pussy. She was already flowing with wetness. From her oily interior, I figured someone had already come in her. That didn't bother me, not in the middle of this crazy free-for-all.

As I set about fucking Janey, Nicki swung a leg over Janey's head and settled her pussy onto Janey's mouth. Janey eagerly speared her tongue up into the other woman. Nicki wriggled and sighed with pleasure. I stroked harder into Janey's pussy.

The pleasure got intense. It was like an energy scouring my flesh. My senses whirled. I fucked Janey faster, losing all control. At the last second, I pulled out and shot my jizz all over her pussy, belly, and tits. Nicki climbed off her mouth and eagerly licked the pearly stripes off her skin.

I staggered off the bed. The three-way on the other bed had become a four-way. Dazed, I stumbled out of the door. Two naked guys came in as I exited, heading for Nicki and Janey.

I wandered in the hallway. Though I'd just come, my cock was already stirring again. Everything was in full frenzy in the dorm wing. Was this a dream? Couples and trios and foursomes were rolling around on the ground. Random hands reached up to grope my meat. All the doors were open now, and people moved freely in and out of the rooms.

I stepped around two women 69'ing on the floor and bumped into a student named Tabitha. She pulled me into a room and onto a bed where three other women were already groping and sucking. I found myself the only male in a torrid five-way. My cock sprang back to full hardness. Each of the women took a turn sucking me. I dutifully fucked all four of them, stroking them until they came, then moving on to the next one.

It was like a dream, one so deep I couldn't hope to wake up from it. Not that I wanted to. This was like every fantasy I'd ever had all smooshed up together and exaggerated into absurdity. Yet it was really happening.

My quartet of women vanished. A new girl appeared. It was Gretchen. She climbed up onto my face, and I



licked her pussy. While I was doing so, someone's mouth dropped onto my cock, sucking me down to my balls. Pleasure rippled through me as the head bobbed. When Gretchen came with a squeal and climbed off, I saw it was Darryl who was blowing me. I'd never gotten sucked by a guy before, and maybe Darryl had never blown a dude before. Even though I knew he'd stop if I told him to, I let him do it. It seemed in the sexually anarchic spirit of this dorm orgy.

I shot my load into his mouth. He slipped away, seeking new adventure. Post-coital fatigue washed over me. Even with everything going on around me, I found myself drowsing. Maybe my brain was overloaded. Maybe the flesh was weak. I closed my eyes and drifted.

Distantly I was aware of people going in and out of the room and passing in the busy corridor. At least a couple of

bodies got onto the bed with me as I dozed. The mattress jounced as they fucked. The scent of come and pussy juice was everywhere.

Some indeterminate time later I felt a smooth feminine body slip up onto mine. Tits pressed against my chest. My cock, with a mind of its own, once again grew hard. My eyelids fluttered, then opened wide.

Tiffany was lying on top of me. *Tiffany.* I'd lost track of her in the carnal madness. She kissed me. Despite all the places my mouth had been, the kiss was heavenly. I put my arms around her, squeezing her against me.

"I hope you've got one last fuck left in you," she said.

I grinned. She slid a hand between us, guiding my revived cock into her slippery pussy. We both winced a little. We were understandably sore, but it felt great to finally be inside her.

She stayed on top, moving slowly up and down. There was no hurry. This was just between us. I was vaguely aware of things quieting down around us. Three bodies were now sleeping in the other bed. Sounds had eased from the corridor. The orgy was winding down.

I held Tiffany against me, thrilled to be feeling her naked skin on mine. I ran my hands down her flexing back and caressed her sweet ass. She smiled and kissed me again. Her movements picked up speed. I thrust up into her. We bucked hard against each other.

She let out a soft cry, her pussy tightening on me. I spewed up into her, my climax sweet and bright. Afterward, we dozed in one another's arms.

The Hurricane Orgy became legendary. But being with Tiffany was the best part for me.

—Boone L., Princeton, NJ

Orgy O'Clock

Molly had agreed to meet me for lunch. I figured it would be full of our usual girlish banter. But she seemed preoccupied, constantly checking her phone.

Finally, I set down my salad fork, a little miffed. "Molly, if you've got somewhere more important to be, don't let me stop you."

She looked embarrassed. "Sorry, Jill. It's just..." A funny grin broke out across her pretty face.

I wondered if something was really wrong. Her expression was strange. "What's going on? What is it?" She was a good friend. I would do anything she asked.

She looked around the outdoor patio of the restaurant as if she didn't want anybody else to overhear. "I might have a date," she said.

I blinked, confused. It wasn't earth-shaking news. We were both eligible, attractive women who went on lots of dates. "Who with?" I asked, thinking maybe someone special to her was involved.

That freaky grin came back. "Oh, I don't know their names."

My stunned brain tried to process that. "Their names?" I said too loudly. "As in plural!"

She shushed me, and I got myself back under control. "Okay, it's like this. I met this sweet guy named Kevin. We went out a few times. Then we had the are-you-seeing-anyone-else? conversation. I said I was dating a couple other men. He said he went to orgies a couple times a month."

Again, I was stunned. "Orgies?" was all I could say.

"Don't think I'm weird, Jill, but I really want to try one. I've had three-ways, and I know you have, too. But it's always been a secret fantasy of mine to be in a squirming pile of naked bodies, everyone groping and sucking and screwing everyone else."

Her words conjured the image of just



such a scenario. I didn't have to reach too deep for it. It was a fantasy I'd had before as well, but I'd kept it almost hidden from myself. While I'd been carnally adventurous, I'd never gone to a full-blown sexual free-for-all. Part of that was because the opportunity had never appeared.

"I don't think you're weird," I reassured Molly. I leaned eagerly across our table. "Tell me how it works."

She explained that Kevin belonged to a loose-knit group of libertines who got together irregularly, usually twice a month. Everybody had their own lives and work schedules, so when the call went out, whoever could show up did. They passed the hat and rented out a sex club during off-hours.

As Molly related all this, excitement kindled in me. I imagined those bodies, all that flesh, the hard cocks, the heaving tits. My pussy dampened.

"When the call goes out," Molly said, grinning, "we say it's Orgy O'Clock. Kevin said it should happen today. Any time now."

I was no longer interested in my lunch salad. I sat back, stared over the table at my friend, and said in a voice I didn't recognize, "Can I come with you?"

It was her turn to blink at me. Then she nodded enthusiastically. "Hell, yes! Kevin said I could bring a friend if I wanted."

We huddled over her phone, waiting for

Orgy O'Clock. My whole body tingled. All my secret fantasies were washing up into my mind.

The phone buzzed. The text came through. We hustled out of the restaurant. I imagined other people across the city doing the same thing, dropping whatever they were doing and racing for the private event at the downtown sex club. Who were those people? They were absolute strangers to me...for now.

When we arrived, a lone staff member checked Molly's phone to see she'd received the text. As her plus-one I was let inside the club.

It was a fancy joint with a dressing area up front. Nervous and excited, I stripped out of my clothes and left them in a locker. Molly did the same, revealing her gorgeous body. Together we padded across the soft carpeting to a wide cushioned area, surrounded by the club's elegant decor. I barely noticed the interior design, though. What very much caught my eye was the many bodies—*dozens*—already engaged on the broad section of floor mats. They were all as naked as Molly and me.

Molly pecked my cheek with a kiss and went scampering ahead, fairly throwing herself into the writhing mass. I just stood, trying to make sense, my head overloading with this scene's carnal reality. So many people, so much flesh. I saw mouths bobbing up and down on



hard cocks, saw tongues licking dripping pussies. I saw tits being sucked and asses being fucked. It was, truly, no holds barred.

I'd wanted to do something like this for so long, but now I hesitated—not put off, just overwhelmed.

A handsome man raised his head from the pussy he was licking. His chin glistened. He met my eyes. Then he rose, came to me, and took my hand. Wordlessly he kissed me. I tasted the pussy juice on his mouth. With gentle motions he led me to the padded area.

My uncertainty vanished. I laid down among the wriggling bodies. My escort, perhaps to make me feel even more at home, went to immediate work on my pussy. He knelt between my legs and traced his tongue up and down my streaming cleft. Pleasure flowed in me.

On either side of me, couples and trios were busily grappling with one another. They brushed against me, the positions constantly shifting. In a daze I reached out and grabbed a man's erect cock. I couldn't even see his face, as there was a blonde woman sitting on it. The blonde in turn was getting her tits sucked by a woman with red hair, and that woman was being fucked from behind.

The interconnections seemed endless, each body joined to the next. I jerked the cock in my hand, then impulsively bent over and took it into my mouth. I swirled the stranger's cockhead with my tongue. I sucked him down to his balls all in one fearless plunge while my pussy kept getting licked.

The body heat was potent. I smelled come in the air and the sweet musk of pussy juice. When I raised my head from my cocksucking task, I saw my pussy-licker was now getting his asshole licked out by an eager woman with a crew cut.

The bodies continued to shift. On the other side of me, a woman was on all fours with a guy eagerly fucking her in the ass. She leaned toward me and we kissed, tongues tangling. She then bent further and nibbled on my stiff nipples.

I rolled over on my hands and knees and crawled deeper into the mass of limbs and mouths and cocks and pussies. Someone fingered my asshole. Somebody else withdrew his cock from a pussy and offered it to my mouth. I eagerly sucked the juice off it. Disembodied hands tweaked my tits. I

lowered my head between the thighs of a woman who was sucking a man's balls. I licked her cunt until her hips started bucking. Her orgasmic fluids flooded my mouth. I crawled onward.

The variety was staggering. Equally surprising was how smooth and natural all of this functioned. People flowed from one sex act into another. There were no hitches, no glitches. It was all spontaneous, yet it seemed somehow coordinated.

A guy mounted me from behind. I took his cock deep into my pussy without even bothering to turn around to look at him. I was busy sucking another cock that had been helpfully offered up to my lips. I was between those two men, spit-roasted on their cocks, taking them at both ends. Balls slapped my backside and chin.

The guy in my mouth was jerking hard. Suddenly his come started spurting. I swallowed jet after jet of his hot cream. As if set off by his orgy mate, the man fucking me from behind unloaded. I felt his jizz warming my deepest reaches.

It was intoxicating. My head swam. My nerves were all gloriously alive. Every inch of my flesh responded to the all-encompassing stimulation. I laid on my back and let a tattooed guy pound my pussy. I came hard. A woman with hair dyed pink emerged out of the crowd and proceeded to lick the guy's spunk out of my pussy, and I came from that, too.

There was never a pause. I didn't want to rest. My sexual appetite was endless. This experience was so much better than my hottest fantasies. There was a sense of camaraderie here, a pervasive friendliness. We were all joined in common cause, without judgment, purely

guy spunked a huge load over my tits; both a woman and a man came along immediately to lick it off me.

I laid on my side, sandwiched between two eager males, and had my pussy and ass fucked at the same time. It was like one long climax for me, the ecstasy taking me and not letting go. They left their come in my holes.

Two cocks were jammed into my mouth one after the other moments later. It was unwieldy but fun. The cockheads were remarkably different in shape. My tongue swirled hungrily over them. When I looked up, I saw the two men were kissing. They both came in my mouth, seconds apart.

Finally, a soft weariness took me. I moved off to the fringe of the area. Others, too, were feeling blissful fatigue. I laid down beside a pretty woman. I noticed it was Molly, and I rolled against her. She dreamily pulled my body to hers, and we kissed deeply.

Then because we couldn't help it, we each fingered the other's drenched pussy. I got up on top of her, reversing myself, and we diligently 69'ed ourselves into a final sweet climactic contentment.

Afterward, we laid in each other's arms. People were starting to drift away. The orgy was at last thinning. People were cleaning off and leaving. The handsome man who'd first escorted me into the mass of bodies smiled as he walked by, naked and spattered with come.

Molly murmured that he was Kevin. I kissed her again, softly this time, thankfully. She had made my longstanding dream come true. I felt fulfilled as I had never been before. This had been the most intense sex I'd ever had in my life.

I saw mouths bobbing up and down on hard cocks, saw tongues licking dripping pussies.

accepting of one another.

I licked pussy, ate ass, and sucked cock. Jizz splashed me, sometimes raining randomly out of the pack. A

Spent as I was, I couldn't wait for the next Orgy O'Clock.

—Jill E., via email



Carnal Cabana



When my roommate suggested a beach vacation, I never expected to find myself in a shoreside fuckfest. The afternoon we arrived, Joan snagged us a cabana right near the water. We were sipping our drinks and watching the waves roll in when two guys caught our eye.

We waved the handsome men over and invited them to join us for drinks, and they happily accepted our offer. Laughing and flirting quickly led to groping and kissing, and before I knew it, my bikini bottoms were gone, and Will's head was nestled between my legs.

A long, loud moan rang out to my right. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that Joan was hooking up with her guy, too. Greg had her bent over one of the oversized cushions that lined the back of the bench. Cupping her ass cheeks in his hands, he spread them wide, exposing Joan's pussy.

Using the tip of his tongue, Greg plotted a path from Joan's ass to her pussy. He nibbled and sucked his way down her ass crack.

Joan was panting by the time Greg's mouth reached her pussy. Every time his teeth teased Joan's skin, a strangled gasp fell from her lips.

While I watched my friend get her box eaten by a stranger, my own guy made a meal out of my pussy. His tongue rolled over me, massaging my pussy's thick, swollen lips. When that wasn't enough for him, he slipped his hands between us. The tips of his fingers caressed my lips, coaxing them apart.

I opened my legs even wider, sliding my ass down the cushion until I sat at the edge of the seat.

Will's hands moved under my ass, scooping up my cheeks so he could lift my pussy right to his mouth.

"So good," I heard him mumble against my crotch. I could feel him, too. The deep rumble of Will's voice washed over me, creating a pleasant buzz that resonated right in my core.

Then the tip of Will's tongue breached my walls, making me really lose my composure. I groaned as he eased inside me, slowly stretching me until he was fully seated within. That's when Will's lips came into play. He sealed them hard around my pussy and sucked, opening his mouth wide to draw me inside.

The intense suction coupled with Will's wet, hot mouth created a thrilling sensation that made every inch of skin from my head to my toes warm and tingly. My back arched on a moan, making my head tilt so far back that Joan came back into my line of sight. She crouched on all fours to blow Greg, leaving her thighs parted just enough to reveal her glistening pink pussy.

I couldn't look away. Even the insistent pulse between my legs couldn't distract me from the sight of Joan's pussy. My mouth watered. I wanted to feel her beneath my lips, to make her come apart with my tongue while Will played between my legs.

Will must have read my sex-addled mind. He released my pussy from his mouth with a *pop*, then curled his fingers into my hips and flipped me over, placing my body belly-down.

Now Joan's pussy wasn't just visible to me, it was well within reach and too tempting to ignore. I crawled up behind her, staying nice and low so my face stayed level with her ass.

Liquid arousal had spread from Joan's folds to her crack, coating her asshole. I decided I would taste Joan's ass first. I swirled my tongue around the puckered hole while I slipped two fingers inside her pussy, hooking them to place extra pressure on her walls.

Though Joan's mouth was full, I could still hear her murmur her appreciation. In case Joan's whimpers and moans weren't enough to prove to me that she liked my mouth on her pussy, her body started to secrete a sweet and tangy liquid right onto my tongue.

Hungry for more, I wiggled my fingers inside Joan, seeking out that spongy bump that would make her fall apart.

Once I found what I was looking for, I added two more fingers to the mix. I pressed down hard on her clit, massaging it until Joan's muscles rippled and twitched over my fingers.

Joan moaned long and loud, transferring all the sounds of her pleasure onto Greg's cock. Damn, did Greg like that. He picked up speed, fucking Joan's mouth so hard and fast her whole body moved, making her ass bump against my mouth.

While I was feasting on Joan's pussy, Will moved in behind me. His thick, meaty fingers curled into my hips and lifted me up until my pussy was level with his cock. He slid his crown up and down between my folds, using the juices to slicken his shaft. Then he plowed into my pussy with one hard thrust.

It seemed that each time Will pulled his hips back, Greg pushed his forward, creating a seesaw effect that had my body and Joan's swaying between them.

Now it was my turn to let out a long, strangled moan. Will's tongue-fucking had been good, but it was nothing compared to the feeling of his long, thick cock filling me to the brim.

I backed my ass up as far as I could, sliding Will's cock as deep into my pussy as my body would allow. Seriously, this was the first time a guy had fucked me doggy-style without my ass bumping against him once. How could it? Will's cock was so long there were several inches I couldn't accommodate.

Not that Will seemed to mind. His fingers curled into my hips as he pumped himself into me with abandon. When my walls began to ripple and twitch over Will's shaft, he brought a meaty palm down onto my ass.

The sharp shock of pain made my pussy grow impossibly tight. My walls gripped Will's cock. The muscles rolled

He picked up speed, fucking Joan's mouth so hard and fast her whole body moved, making her ass bump against my mouth.

over his length, gifting him with a lovely little massage as my body careened over the edge. The spasms spread from my pussy, making my muscles quake from my orgasm.

And still, Will pounded away at my pussy. Every time he buried his cock inside me, he pulled a throaty moan right from my chest. Whether Will was pulling out or driving himself back inside didn't matter; his cock's flared tip rubbed against my G-spot every time.

All through my orgasm, I never let my head drop from between Joan's legs. I wiggled my tongue against her gash in between screams, hoping that my pleasure would help to fuel Joan's. When I couldn't hold back my moans and screams, I buried my face between Joan's ass cheeks, letting her body absorb the sounds of my personal ecstasy.

As my muscles relaxed and the tremors subsided, I threw myself into bringing Joan to her peak. Something in Joan responded to that erratic tongue-lashing I'd given her earlier, so I went right back to it, making my tongue wave and wiggle all along her slit.

Joan came apart against my tongue right as Will pulled out of my pussy and shot hot come over my ass and back. They weren't the only ones who'd reached their crest. Having Greg's cock in her mouth did more than muffle Joan's moans and screams; it added a subtle vibrating sensation as her wet mouth slid over his hot, silky skin.

Greg grunted through gritted teeth. His fingers flexed on the side of Joan's head, getting tangled up in her disheveled hair while his hips jerked repeatedly, driving his cock into Joan's mouth.

A thick, white stream of come escaped Joan's lips and dripped onto the seat. Joan's always been a swallower, but Greg was coming so hard and fast she couldn't keep up.

Eager to help, I rolled onto my back and slid my head between Joan's legs. I pushed myself back until my head knocked against Greg's legs, then I craned my neck the tiniest bit, allowing my open mouth to catch the overflow of Greg's come.

Once Greg was finished pouring his seed down Joan's throat, he eased himself from her mouth and sank back onto the cushions.

It was around that time we all realized our little show had attracted quite the audience. A tall, leggy blonde walked up to us and asked if we needed a fifth. Never one to turn down a good time, I waved her over, happy to introduce a new woman into the mix.

Greg and Will moved off to the side and watched us women play. Joan still knelt with her cunt hovering over my face. She waited for the blonde to get between my legs, then slowly lowered her slick pussy to my mouth.

I dug my elbows into the cushions, so I could lift my ass good and high, serving up my pussy to my new insatiable friend. She tongued me to orgasm as Joan reached her peak.

After Joan's legs stopped shaking enough for her to move, she lifted herself off my face and smiled. The afternoon was the perfect start to an unforgettable vacation.

—Sandra P., Tampa Bay, FL

Mail your story about group gropes to: Penthouse Letters, Department CF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



Love Match

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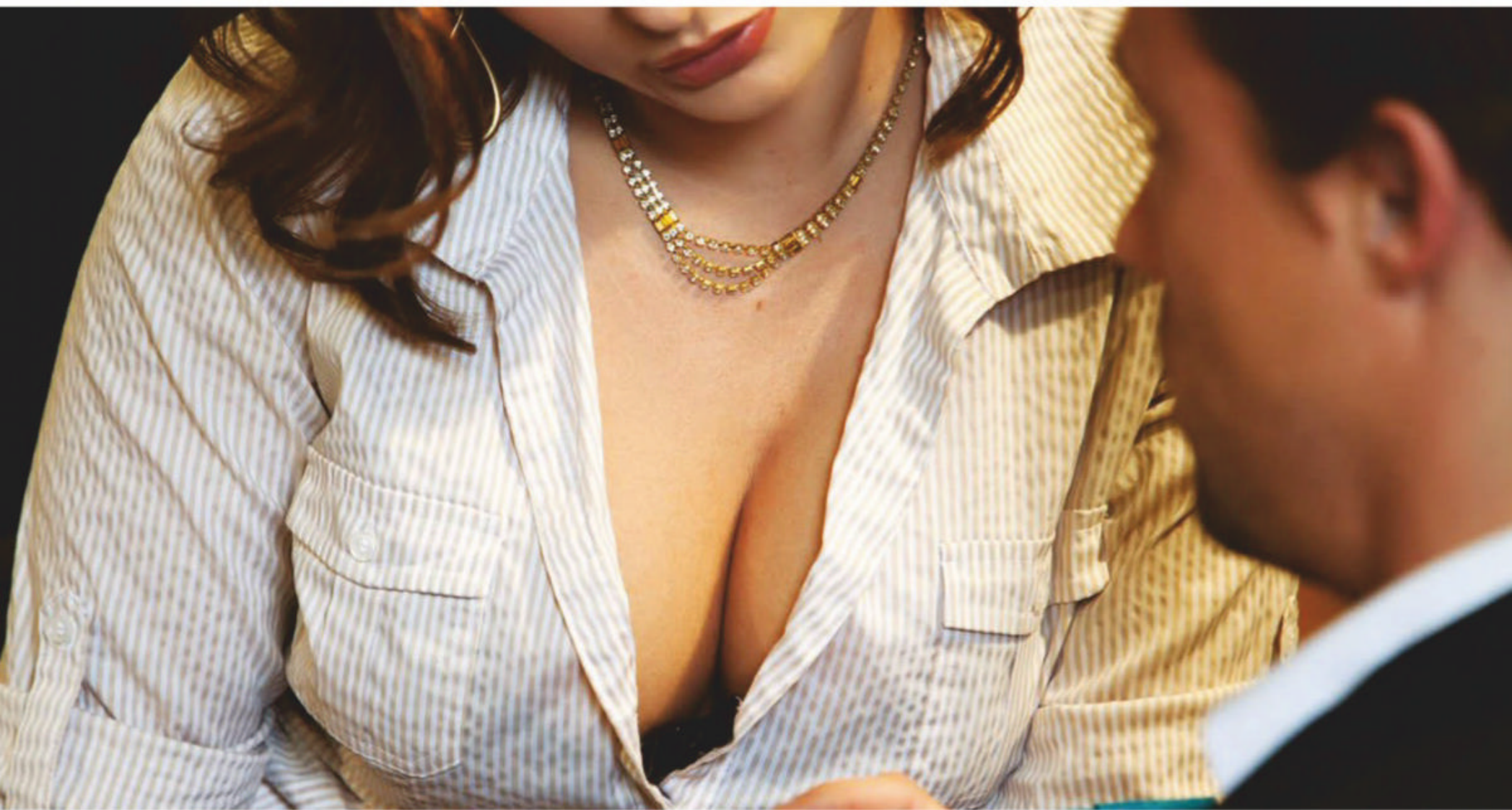


Working Overtime

Things heat up in the office when a junior employee catches the eye of a sexy CEO.

By Georgia Jennings





Whoever said never to mix business with pleasure clearly hasn't experienced the sweet release of an orgasm during a particularly stressful workday. I always considered myself to be a diligent, conscientious employee, but my productivity soared after I started banging my company's CEO.

I still remember the feeling I got the first time I caught Rich looking at me—mean *really* looking at me. My team was called in to discuss a high-profile project with him. Being a junior team member meant that I was seated at the far end of the conference table—about as far from Rich as I could get without sitting out in the hall.

I'd seen Rich before, strolling the hallways in his impeccably cut suits that hugged his sculpted body just right, always ready with a smile for his employees.

Damn, did I love that smile. Even from afar, it did funny things to me. All

it took was a quick little lift of his full lips to spark a fire between my legs.

The only thing I remember from that meeting is that it confirmed that Rich was as interested in me as I was in him. I could feel his eyes on me. His gaze swept from my eyes to my lips, way down to my chest, taking in whatever curves weren't hidden by the table between us.

After the meeting, Rich invited me to his office to debrief. Within five minutes of locking his office door, he had me laid out over his desk. Long, nimble fingers traced over my skirt's hem. Even with the fabric acting as a barrier, my skin still felt the electric pulse passing between us.

Rich skimmed his hands over my knees and up my thighs, taking my skirt along for the ride. By the time his fingertips reached the top of my pantyhose, my skirt was rolled up past my hips. He leaned forward and laid a kiss on my lips. "I like your legs. Don't hide them," he murmured.

He reached behind me to grab something. A letter opener. That

slightly lopsided smile I love so much lifted his lips, then quick as a flash, he brought down the letter opener and slashed through my tights.

That little tear in the material made it easy for Rich to rip the pantyhose right off my legs. Now all that was left for him to get through was my underwear. A part of me hoped that he would shred those, too.

Instead, Rich hooked his fingers into my thong's narrow waistband and dragged the material down my legs. He moved slowly, making the lace trim on my underwear tickle my skin the whole way down.

Once he'd freed my ankles from my panties' confines, Rich stood up and offered me another smile. He made sure I was watching as he grabbed my underwear and stuck it in his pocket. It was my first taste of Rich's predilection to hold onto little souvenirs from our encounters.

With my tights in the trash and my panties in Rich's pocket, all that stood between us now was my button-down shirt and bra. Rich made quick work

of both. His hands flew down the front of my shirt, unfastening buttons so quickly that his fingers were a blur.

Next came the bra—the one article of clothing that Rich didn't rush to remove from my body. He lowered his head to my chest and buried his face in my cleavage. His hands skimmed over the sides of my torso, making their way around to my back. He stroked at my skin, awakening all of the nerves so that every inch of my body became incredibly sensitive.

When Rich's fingers finally reached the clasp of my bra nestled between my shoulder blades, I arched my back, lifting myself off the desk to expedite the process.

Finally, his fingers closed around the clasp and gave it a twist. Immediately, my bra cups sagged forward, pulled down by the weight of my breasts.

Rich's mouth was ready and waiting when the cups fell past my nipples. He captured one rigid bud between his lips, applying just enough pressure to make me cry out with pleasure while his hand covered my other breast and gave it a gentle squeeze.

I groaned when Rich's fingers brushed over my nipple, exciting all of its nerves. Taking that as a cue that I wanted more, Rich trapped the nub between his digits and pinched it hard.

That time I moaned. Loudly.

Rich released my nipple from his mouth. He rose up to look me in the eye and said, "I love a woman with a good set of pipes, but in the office, you've got to be quiet. I don't want to have to cover up those pretty pink lips."

After giving me a quick kiss, Rich slithered back down my body, nestling between my legs. He nuzzled the extra bit of flesh that sat on the inside of my thighs, then turned his attention to my soaking-wet pussy.

First, his fingertips traced over my labia. His touch was so light and quick, but it still made a shiver of anticipation rattle up my spine. Every brush of his hand seemed to draw more juice from my core. I could feel the warm liquid collecting inside my slit, preparing my body to welcome Rich.

Next, he used his fingers to part my folds, exposing my throbbing pink center. The cool office air caressed

my wet skin, giving me a chill. Then Rich closed his hot mouth over my clit, warming me through and through.

I slung my legs over Rich's shoulders and scooted my ass to the edge of the desk, shamelessly pressing my pussy against his face. Much to my delight, I discovered that Rich is one of those men who uses every bit of his mouth to eat a woman's pussy. His lips, teeth, and tongue all get in on the action, creating a perfect storm of sensation that leads to a tidal wave of come.

Within five minutes of locking his office door, he had me laid out over his desk. Long, nimble fingers traced over my skirt's hem.

As if that wasn't enough to drive me to the brink, Rich introduced his fingers to the mix. He plunged his thumb into my vagina and curved his fingers around to my ass, working to stimulate both holes at the same time.

Rich's thumb pressed down hard as he pumped into me. I could feel the pressure in my pussy and my ass. It helped that his other fingers were massaging my asshole. They circled the puckered flesh, sparking a tingling feeling that spread from my ass to my crotch.

The results were explosive. I tugged my lip between my teeth, desperate to

ward off the scream rumbling inside me. Hard as it was to keep quiet while my boss gave me the best orgasm of my life, I knew that one more sound from my lips would end the encounter. I couldn't let that happen.

That's when my eyes fell on one of those foam stress balls sitting near my hip. I grabbed it and bit into it right as another moan threatened to escape my lips. Its pillow-soft texture was perfect for muffling the sounds of pleasure building within.

Now that my screams were no longer of concern, I could relax and enjoy the feel of Rich's mouth devouring my pussy. His tongue swirled around and around, stoking my nerves in a way that had me tingling from my head all the way down to my toes.

While Rich's tongue tapped out a maddening rhythm on my clit, his thumb continued to piston into my pussy. My back bowed and my toes curled as my body tried and failed to absorb all the sensations crashing over me in waves. Each of my limbs grew so very stiff, making my fingers and toes flex in an effort to alleviate the tension.

Then Rich switched up his rhythm from quick, cat-like licks over my clit to a rolling motion that sent my libido into overdrive. Slowly, the tension left my muscles in little twitches while hot come surged from my core.

Rich murmured his appreciation against my pussy. His lips vibrated against my clit, making me come even harder.

As more juice squirted from me, Rich moved his mouth down to drink it all up. His lips sealed over my hole, sucking up all the arousal that seeped from my core. When I was finally tapped dry, Rich plunged his tongue into me and swirled it around, making certain he'd collected every last bit of liquid.

Rich stood up and looked at me. He licked his lips, wiping away all of my come that had spread over his mouth.

He took my hand and helped me off the desk, then reached into his pocket and pulled out my panties. "You can have these back," he said. "I won't make you go commando without your stockings this time."

Rich dropped to the floor and helped



me step back into my panties. Once they were comfortably in place, he rolled my skirt back down.

Though I still looked disheveled, with Rich's help I was dressed and ready to return to work in record time.

Rich opened the door to his office to show me out. "I'll email you to schedule our next meeting," he said loud enough for his receptionist Janice to hear.

Trying to maintain my composure so as not to appear giddy in front of every employee I passed, I cast my eyes down and walked back to my desk.

The weeks that followed were full of all sorts of sexy games that served as

powerful foreplay for us. One morning I sat down at my desk, still wrapped in my winter coat when my inbox *pinged* with a new email:

Let's see if you listened to me when I told you to wear the purple thong to work today. March that sweet little ass of yours over to my assistant's desk and give her your panties to hold for the day. Make sure no one else sees you.

A fiery blush scorched every inch of skin from my cheeks to my chest. Knowing that Rich likes his requests to be honored quickly, I shrugged out of my coat and quickly glanced

around the cube farm to make sure I was alone. Being the first person in the office each day has its advantages—I rolled my panties down my legs right at my desk.

Tucking my panties safely in my fist, I stood and smoothed my skirt. Even after weeks of involving Rich's receptionist in our games, I still felt the familiar flutter of butterflies in my belly whenever I was summoned to her desk.

I sucked in a deep, steadying breath, then marched down the hallway that led to Janice's nook.

She was waiting for me. I stepped



up to her desk and she immediately extended her palm, silently requesting that I hand over the underwear. I didn't have to say a word.

I didn't see Rich until later that morning at our project meeting. I tried to focus, but every time Rich looked my way, I felt that blush fire up on my cheeks again.

At one point, Rich caught my eye and licked his lips—right in full view of his staff! Anyone who noticed probably assumed that Rich was merely wetting his parched lips. Only I knew that he was expressing his hunger for my bare pussy.

Somehow, I managed to make it through the meeting without bursting into flames under Rich's gaze. As I moved to follow my team out the door, Rich reached out to block my path. He nudged the door shut with his heel, then reached back and locked it.

Once the door was secure, Rich backed me into the corner—the only spot in the room that was completely out of sight if anyone were to peep through the glass walls from the hall.

Rich slipped his hand around to my back, pulling me close as he laid a searing kiss on my lips. I opened my mouth with a sigh, inviting his tongue to tangle with mine.

Taking advantage of his hold on my waist, Rich quickly spun me to face the wall. He sank to his knees behind me and curled his fingers around each of my ankles. Knowing that my skin was extremely sensitive, Rich took extra care to move over my body slowly, intensifying my response to his touch. His lips and fingertips trailed over my calves and up to my thighs.

I'd stopped wearing stockings completely after our first encounter, so there was nothing preventing him from reaching my pussy. Still, Rich paused when he reached the hem of my skirt. "I wonder," he murmured, "will I find a beautiful, bare pussy under this skirt, or has my naughty minx brought a pair of emergency undies to work again?"

My cheeks burned at the mention of my indiscretion. It was one I definitely wouldn't repeat. Even so, I toyed with him just a little. "There's only one way for you to find out."

"Always so coy," Rich said, rising to

his full height behind me. He gave me a quick swat on my ass, making the skin sting. "I don't feel any panty lines. Always a good sign."

He bent again to grab my skirt hem. With one tug, he had the material folded up over my waist, exposing my bare ass.

Rich rested his chin on my shoulder, leaving his lips just a hair away from my ear. His warm breath fanned over my cheek as he whispered, "My handprint does look mighty fine on that ass of yours."

His finger tapped at my chin, turning my head just enough to face him. "Open your mouth," he said.

I dutifully dropped my jaw and waited for what would come next.

Rich reached into his pocket and produced a small wad of purple fabric. My thong. He held it up for me to see, then rolled it back into a ball in his fist and lifted it to my lips. "Since you had such a difficult time keeping quiet last time," he said. "Now turn back to face the wall."

I took the satin panties into my mouth and sealed my lips, allowing the silky fabric to slip over my tongue. They filled my mouth, but not uncomfortably so; it was just enough to absorb the sounds of my pleasure.

I was grateful that Rich had taken steps to conceal the sounds. It was much easier to tilt my head back and enjoy our little fuck sessions when I didn't have to worry about attracting the attention of the rest of the office.

palms against the glossy mahogany wall and slid them up as high as I could reach.

"Now part those legs," Rich said as he slipped his hand between my thigh gap.

I scooted both feet apart, taking advantage of how easily my leather-soled pumps slid across the carpet. I stood like an inverted "Y" in the corner, waiting to see what Rich would do to me next.

He took a step back first, as was his custom—Rich loved to admire the way my naked body looked standing in his domain.

The first touch I felt was Rich's fingers. He traced the tips over the curves of my ass, mapping the rise and fall of each cheek. One fingertip went rogue. It crept along my ass crack, working its way inside until it tapped against my puckered hole, making my body jolt.

From there, Rich made his way further south. He swooped between my legs, dragging his fingers through my slit. I was already good and wet, allowing Rich to glide over my pussy with ease.

When Rich pulled his hand away, the thong filling my mouth helped to absorb my groan.

"Don't worry, I'm not done with you yet," he promised. "I just wanted to take a taste."

After a brief pause, the wet, popping sound of Rich pulling his finger from his mouth broke the silence. "Delicious," he said. "Sour and sweet

**My back bowed and my toes curled
as my body tried and failed to absorb
all the sensations crashing over me
in waves.**

Rich's stubble brushed against my cheek as he moved to whisper in my ear again. "Hands over your head."

Without hesitation, I flattened my

all at once. My two favorite flavors."

Rich slipped his hand back between my legs. His fingers stroked at my outer lips, coaxing them open. Then he slid



two long fingers deep inside my pussy.

It felt so good to finally have Rich inside me. My back arched as I tried to further impale myself on his fingers. I knew Rich wouldn't appreciate my attempts to speed things up, but it's just so hard not to get greedy when he puts his hands on me!

Lucky me; my enthusiasm earned me a reward. Rich's free hand moved around to my front. His fingers stroked over my mound, making the sensitive skin tingle. He continued like that for a bit, gently petting my pussy while he pumped his fingers into me.

My walls rippled and twitched over Rich's fingers, prompting him to pull them out, leaving me empty and wanting.

I shifted my back to lift my ass again,

silently begging Rich to fuck me. Then I heard the familiar zipping sound of Rich undoing his pants, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

Eager to feel Rich inside me again, I slid my hands down the wall, moving my body into a 90-degree angle that would place my pussy front and center.

Rich stepped up behind me. He placed his hands on my hips, holding me steady while he eased his dick inside my pussy.

Once his entire length was settled inside me, Rich started to rock his hips. He started off slowly, working in languid strokes that teased at my G-spot. As my walls began to spasm over Rich's shaft, he increased his speed, fucking me so hard and fast my

feet lifted away from the floor.

He curled his fingers into my hips, gripping the fleshy bits like a lifeline. The tiny bit of pain offered the push I needed to fall into my own orgasm.

Rich wasn't far behind. He came on a groan, pumping me full of his hot seed. When he finished, he withdrew immediately and tugged my skirt back into place. With a quick swat on my ass, he sent me back to my desk.

I could feel his come seeping from my core and spreading to my thighs as I walked down the hall. It was a nice little reminder of our afternoon tryst, one that I would feel throughout the day while I sat in my cube alone, waiting for the next email that would summon me to Rich's office. ☪



House Party

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—ROMI





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Letter of the Month

BUSTED

When a young bartender is caught swiping the wallet of a rich client, he allows her to make amends for her crime with three nights of passion.



My wildest sex story comes from my college years. I was poor and paying rent in NYC was hard. No parental support, a full course load, and a part-time job left me exhausted and struggling to stay afloat. My dependence on tequila and partying didn't help matters, but I had to let loose somehow.

My upbringing wasn't great. So, when I realized I was coming up short on rent, I fell back on a few childhood skills my dad taught me before he left the picture. I stole.

I wasn't burgling houses or anything. I was just picking pockets here and there, swiping wallets from the big-time money guys who visited the swanky bar where I worked. Stealing from customers was risky, but I was young, desperate, and a bit of an idiot, and for a few months, the plan worked perfectly. I dipped into

pockets on my way to and from the restroom and "liberated" wallets from stock market guys once they were ten drinks deep and too blurry-eyed to even realize where they'd left their things. The bar got a few phone calls asking after missing possessions, but it wasn't out of the ordinary for people to lose their belongings after leaving our bar—you haven't seen anyone get as wasted as a rich fucker with a black Amex, an inferiority complex, and colleagues to impress.

It was 7pm on a Friday when a cluster of men in suits stepped in. They were laughing and high-fiving, probably celebrating some seven-figure deal. By the end of the night, they would be absolutely hammered, and I really didn't feel bad about stealing from Wall Street bros.

One of them instantly got my attention. He was in his early thirties, with dark hair and an almost predatory gaze. He took note of every single

person in the bar as he entered. If I'd been smarter, I would have immediately decided not to target him.

I was not smarter.

By 10pm, the businessmen were slurring. The dark-haired man was quieter than the rest, but since he'd been keeping pace with his companions as they downed martinis, I figured he was also tanked. My cleavage had attracted the usual obnoxious interest, and I think half the reason they kept ordering drinks was to find a reason for me to bend over in front of them as I placed the glasses on the table.

I was fully intending to to serve them a lesson instead.

The dark-haired man got up to use the restroom as I was delivering a tray of drinks, and I saw my opportunity. I headed back to the bar, "accidentally" knocking into him on the way. I apologized and dipped my hand into his suit jacket pocket as smoothly as any pro, then went on my merry way.



The driver's license listed his name as Michael and imagine my delight when I discovered a thousand dollars in cash in that wallet. Cards were too risky to use, since surveillance cameras might catch me, so I planned to take the cash and ditch the wallet on a street corner on my way home.

It would have worked perfectly, except when I left the bar at 2am, he was waiting for me.

I didn't realize the man in the dark suit leaning against the wall was him at first. New York is busy, and there's always someone around. I hiked my purse over my shoulder and prepared to cross the street towards a subway station. Then a hand clamped around my upper arm.

Being a paranoid person in addition to a thief and a woman alone at night, I immediately tried to punch whoever was accosting me. But he grabbed my other wrist, and when I saw who it was, I froze in horror.

"My little thief," Michael said in a perfectly sober and deadly cool voice. He didn't even look perturbed.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, trying to play it cool. "Do you need help?"

"I need my wallet back."

"Oh, did you drop it? I can look—"

He immediately spun me around and clamped one strong arm around me, holding me still against his chest as he fished through my bag. The wallet was right on top, and when he pulled it out and waved it in front of my face, my life flashed before my eyes.

"That's yours?" I said weakly. "I found it in the bar..."

He was still holding me tight against him, and it was all kinds of fucked up, but it was also a little hot. His chest and arms were muscled, and when his breath puffed against my ear, I shivered. "You owe me," he said.

"Since you have your wallet back, I can't see how."

He laughed. It was so sexy. Without consciously meaning to, I shifted my hips, rocking slightly against him.

"I could call the police," he said. "Or you could pay me back some other way."

There was no question what he meant, since his boner was making its presence known against my ass. I pulled out of his grip and spun around. He

was smirking at me. Jesus, he was so attractive. "I'm not for sale," I snapped sounding more outraged than I was.

"Think of it as more like an act of penance." He looked me up and down, lingering on my curves. "Three nights with me and your sentence is served. You'll enjoy it, I promise."

"That's blackmail."

He shook his head, expression serious. "No, it's justice."

I looked away, biting the inside of my cheek as I considered. This man was

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attractive and rich, and fucking him meant not losing my job or going to jail. And I hadn't been laid in ages. Besides, I'd never had much of a moral compass anyway.

"Prove it," I said. "That I'll enjoy it. And if I do, that'll be night one."

His eyebrows shot up—clearly he hadn't expected me to agree so easily. Then he grinned and reached for my hand, tugging me towards him. "I'll call us a cab."

Thirty minutes later, he led me into a swanky apartment that probably cost more per month than the GDP of a small country. It was thirty floors up and

had a gorgeous view of the city, and it was decorated in a minimalist style that looked straight out of a magazine. This motherfucker probably had a housekeeper or servants or something.

"Do you do this often?" I asked, trying to sound casual as I settled in on a buttery-soft leather couch. "Blackmail young women into sex?"

He shrugged off his coat and settled in next to me. "Only when they rob me." And then he leaned in and kissed me with zero hesitation. He was good at it, and when he tugged me into his lap so that I was straddling him, I realized this man really was going to deliver on his promise. He was confident and unapologetically carnal, and the erection pressing against me was seriously impressive.

I was wearing my work skirt still, and the fabric rode up as he gripped my ass and rocked me against him. My panties were already wet, and I moaned as his cock slid against my clitoris. Desperate for more of this stranger, I tore at the buttons of his shirt. In return, he ripped my shirt off over my head, then launched my bra across the room like a guided missile.

Soon we were both naked and grinding against each other like our lives depended on it. My pussy was soaking wet, and I got that liquid all over him as I slid over his cock.

I had expected him to head straight into sex once we were naked, but to my surprise, he removed me from his lap and took up a kneeling position in front of the couch. Then he ducked down between my legs and put his mouth on my cunt.

Michael the mysterious businessman and occasional vigilante was a fucking god of cunnilingus. He ate pussy like it was his mission, licking all over my sensitive folds before zeroing in on my clit. He pushed two fingers inside me and worked them in time with his tongue. Soon I was quivering, my thighs shaking with an imminent orgasm.

He pulled back and grinned at my outraged protest. "You can come once I'm in you," he said. My heart was pounding.

He retrieved a condom from his wallet and slid it on, then pulled me down onto the floor. He arranged me on my



knees facing away from him with my torso supported by the couch, then knelt between my legs.

His dick was thick and long, and as he pushed into me, I moaned and gripped the couch cushions. I was going to leave nail marks on the leather, but I didn't care, because he was thrusting deep inside me, and it was heaven. He took me hard but not too fast, and soon I was moaning and bucking back against him, desperate to come.

Finally, he took mercy on me and slid a hand between my legs to fondle my clit. His thrusts grew harder and sharper, and that extra pressure was exactly what I needed. I orgasmed with a gasp, and he followed shortly afterward, grunting as he came.

"Well?" he demanded after we'd both caught our breath. "Did you enjoy it?"

And this was probably the wrong response for all kinds of reasons, but I was officially in love with this rich prick's

huge dick. "Yeah," I said. "Night one it is."

Night two was at his place again. Michael met me at the door with a glass of champagne, but I hardly had time to take a sip of it before he was tugging my dress off over my head. He got me naked in record time, then picked me up and carried me into his bedroom.

He tossed me onto the bed, and I realized with a mix of delight and trepidation that his mattress was fitted with padded cuffs. "Getting kinky?" I asked, trying to sound casual as he fixed the cuffs around my wrists and ankles.

"It's to prepare you for night three," he said, and what the fuck was that supposed to mean? But he refused to answer my questions, and then he tied a blindfold around my head, and I lost all interest in hypotheticals. With my vision gone, my other senses grew more acute. I heard the rustle of clothing being removed, and then the bed dipped as he got on it.

A warm hand covered my ankle, making me twitch. He slid that hand up my calf to my inner thigh, but he stopped just short of my pussy. With my legs spread and restrained, I was entirely exposed to him, and excitement washed over me as I felt the hot puff of his breath against my pussy lips. But he didn't lick me, either. He just sat there, tracing little circles on my inner thigh and breathing on me in a weird and completely arousing way.

Then he drew back, and I moaned in distress. He started again on my other leg, again teasing me with subtle strokes of his fingers an inch south of where I wanted them. He raked his nails down my inner thigh, and I shivered.

The next time he touched me, he pinched my nipples. It sent a sharp, lightning-like sensation from my breasts down to my cunt, and I gasped and arched my back.

"You look delicious like this," he said,



massaging my breasts. “All spread open for me, just waiting for me to fuck you.”

“Are you going to fuck me now?” I asked hopefully.

“I’m not done playing yet.”

And oh, he played. He squeezed my breasts and sucked my nipple into his mouth, then trailed his way down my body to kiss my lower belly. His hand worked up my thigh, and finally he touched me, sliding those clever fingers over my clit. His mouth dropped to join his hand, and he gave me a few minutes of staggering pleasure before pulling back.

His hand came down on my inner thigh with a sharp crack, startling a squeak out of me. He rubbed the stinging skin, then spanked again. They weren’t hard hits, but the sensitive location made the pain more intense. When he started alternating slaps with strokes over my clitoris and deep plunges of his fingers, I almost lost my mind.

“Please fuck me,” I begged, straining against the restraints.

He shifted on the bed, climbing over me, and I knew what he was up to even before something nudged my lips. I opened my mouth and lifted my head to suck his cock greedily. I was starving for him, and the little noises he made as I swirled my tongue over him were gratifying. It was hard to get him as deep as I wanted at this angle, but I sucked his cock with gusto until he pulled away.

The crinkle of a condom wrapper announced that all my dreams were coming true. He knelt between my thighs, gripped my ass to get leverage, and thrust into me. I was dripping

wet for him, and I grew wetter as he started fucking me hard and deep. I came quickly, but he just kept going, his thrusts almost out of control. My breasts bounced, and the restraints were the only things keeping me from sliding up the sheets. He came with a shout, and I shivered, utterly wrecked from pleasure and sore between my thighs.

That was night two.



On night three, Michael asked me to meet him at a mysterious address in Brooklyn. I’d worked the day shift, so I had time to put on a little black dress and get dolled up before hopping on the subway. I had no idea what the night would entail, but I was game to find out.

He was standing on the sidewalk in the middle of an unremarkable city block, wearing his usual slacks and button-up. He kissed me when I arrived, then shocked me by reached between

my legs and rubbing my pussy. “Brace yourself,” he said, then knocked on an unmarked metal door.

After showing ID and getting his name checked against some kind of list, Michael led me into a cavernous, simply-lit space. The vibe was industrial-meets-Victorian, with velvet couches interspersed between concrete pillars. The place was

packed, and Nine Inch Nails blared over the speakers. I thought it was a dance club at first, but then I saw a pair of exposed breasts, followed by the sight of a half-naked man fucking into a woman from behind. It was a sex club.

I was so freaking excited. “Is this for real?” I asked, looking around at the various displays of carnal excess.

“It is,” he confirmed. “Highly exclusive and guaranteed secret.”

“And you want to...”

“Fuck you in front of all these people,” he said. “Yes.”

Holy shit. My jaw dropped, and I stared at the nearest couple, wondering if I had the gumption to get naked in public. “Why?”

“Because you stole from me,” he said, and fuck, somehow I’d forgotten that was how this carnal encounter had begun. “And now

it’s time for you to finish paying for your crimes.”

The words should not have been sexy, but they were. And then he was slipping one strap of my dress over my shoulder and kissing up my neck, and I realized that I absolutely, totally had the gumption to get naked in public.

He led me to a weird, double-sided bench covered in black leather. No one was sitting on it, and I quickly realized why when he had me straddle the

middle section with my knees resting on the two “seats.” This was some kind of kinky sex furniture.

He stripped off my dress and groaned at the realization that I hadn’t worn any underwear. So sue me—it had seemed superfluous at that point. Being exposed in front of so many people was thrilling and alarming at the same time. Already, people were drawing closer, their greedy gazes running over my skin.

Michael put a hand between my shoulder blades and pushed me forward so I was lying on the bench. In this position, with the middle part of the bench forcing my legs apart, I was thoroughly exposed to everyone watching. I blushed and squirmed, hating and loving the sensation at the same time.

Michael trailed his hands over me, then spanked me. I jolted at the sting, and a fresh rush of moisture spilled between my legs. He kept spanking, alternating between one cheek and the other, and soon I was writhing under the blows. It hurt, but the heat that spread out from his palms was amazing, and the total domination was making me wet.

“What did you do to deserve this?” he demanded, fisting a hand in my hair to jerk my head up.

I moaned, craving even more debasement. “I stole from you,” I confessed.

“You did. And your punishment is going to be taking my cock in front of everyone.”

I’d never known mortification could feel so sexy, but it did. My pussy clenched. I wanted him to fuck me in front of this crowd of strangers. To punish me for stealing.

He kept spanking me until my ass was hot and I was nearly sobbing into the leather bench. My cunt was soaking wet, and I desperately needed to come. When I tried to slip a hand between my legs, he removed it and then smacked me harder.

“How are you going to take it?” he asked, and I heard the metallic clinking of his belt buckle being removed.

There was only one acceptable answer. “However you want to give it to me, sir.”

He pulled me off the spanking bench

Desperate for more of this stranger, I tore at the buttons of his shirt. He kept spanking, alternating between one cheek and the other, and soon I was writhing under the blows.



and had me stand braced against it. I bent over, offering him my pussy, and he slid on a condom and lined up behind me. Dozens of strangers were watching, and some of them were masturbating.

When Michael plunged into me, it felt better than anything I’d ever experienced. His grip on my hips was bruising, and I had to stand on my tiptoes to get him in at the right angle, but none of that mattered. I only wanted this punishing possession. When he finally let me come, I screamed for the entire club to hear.

He pulled out and turned me around before shoving me to my knees. Then he ripped the condom off, pumped his cock a few times, and came all over my tits. I fingered myself while he did it and came again with his hot semen coating me.

And then night three was over, and I felt a sharp sense of loss. The most intense sexual experience of my life was done.

So when he dropped me off, telling me he hoped I had learned my lesson, I did something very, very bad.

I stole his wallet again.

—Amanda J., New York, NY



Boy Crazy

KENDRA'S RARING TO GO—THINK YOU CAN REV HER ENGINE?





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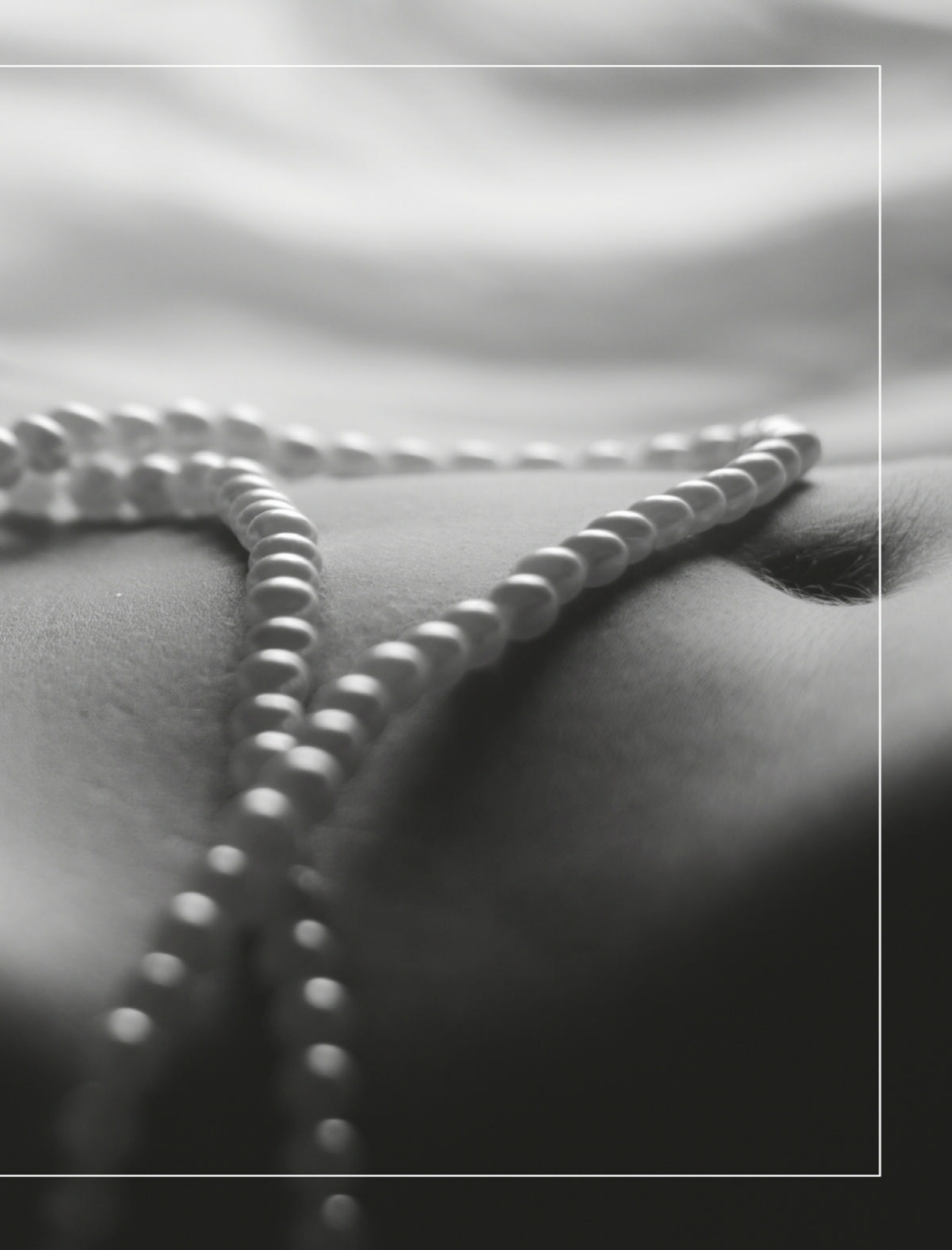


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Spotlight on Booty Time

My Anal MILE





Last summer after my college graduation, a fraternity brother of mine, Justin, hooked me up with a gig in his dad's construction company. Besides great money, the job came with free accommodations at their family lake house—which Justin and I had all to ourselves! It was really the perfect setup for two cash-strapped and sex-starved young guys. “This will be a summer of beer, pizza, and pussy,” Justin assured me. “Trust me, dude.”

On my days off, I would bike into town to grab lunch and people-watch on the docks, which is how I first saw the most magnificent MILF of my life. I was halfway through a second beer when she emerged from one of the high-end boutiques along the promenade. She stood about five-foot-six-inches, with long blonde hair, a tiny waist, and a set of tits that had to be at least a

double-D cup. She was wearing a long light blue maxi dress, but no bra judging by the stiff nubs poking through the thin cotton. She had the figure of Jessica Rabbit and this sexy, sensual demeanor.

I must have looked like an idiot gaping at her, because the gorgeous MILF caught me staring, tilting up her oversized tortoise shell sunglasses. But instead of rolling her eyes or looking offended, she smiled—if only for a second. Then, she got into a little silver Mercedes convertible and sped off.

This wasn't the first time I had found myself attracted to a slightly older woman. In my freshman year, I had hooked up with my Spanish professor who was in her late forties. Ever since that first MILF, I've come to realize that mature women possess this raw sexual heat that girls my own age just don't have.

When I returned home, I told Justin all about “the MILF in the convertible,”

and how I had to have her. “Dude, what are you going to do? Sit on the boardwalk and wait for her?” He had a point, but we were in a pretty small resort town, so I kept up the hope that I'd run into her again.

One week later, I got lucky. Pro-tip: if you want a MILF, check the grocery store, especially the wine aisle. The tiny grocery store was the busiest place in town outside of the boardwalk, and my gorgeous MILF happened to pull in just as I was coming out of the store.

She got out of the car, wearing a navy sheath dress and strappy heels that showed off her amazing legs.

I was carrying a case of beer and almost dropped it when she looked me dead-on.

“Hey there,” she said.

“Hi!” I anxiously shifted the weight of the beer so I could properly shake her hand.

“Didn't I see you before?” she said with a smirk. “I never forget a face I like.”

I smiled. "You got me. Boardwalk, last week."

"Uh huh," she nodded, "right when I came into town." She brushed her sun-kissed brunette locks out of her face. "I'm Dani."

"Steve."

She smirked. "Got enough beer there?"

"My, uh, roommate and I share."

"Well that's very nice." Dani smirked. "So, you're living here?"

"Yeah, for the summer," I replied. "I go to school."

"Yes, I figured as much." Dani poked me in the chest, pressing her manicured finger square in the university logo on my T-shirt.

I felt myself blush. I couldn't tell if she was just playing a cat-and-mouse game with me, or was really flirting? In retrospect, maybe it was both. "What about you?" I asked.

"I'm here to relax while my scumbag ex moves out of our loft."

"Oh wow," I paused. "I mean—I'm sorry to hear that."

Dani smiled and shrugged. "I'm much better off."

And then, I don't know what came over me. "You want to come over for a beer?" I blurted out.

Dani giggled, which immediately made me feel mortified. But then she touched my arm. "How's about we do that beer at my place, hmm? I don't have any roommates."

"Oh yeah, sure."

Then, the MILF opened up her snakeskin clutch and handed me a business card. "Call me," she said with an encouraging wink, before heading into the store.

I stood there for a solid 60 seconds just staring at the card before tucking it in my shirt pocket. I didn't want to seem too eager, so I waited until the next day to call.

Dani answered on the first ring. "Is this what you call a follow-up? Or do boys your age play hard to get?"

I sputtered and laughed. "Oh—well, I apologize for the delay—"

"I'm only teasing you, Steve."

"Right," I took a breath and mustered my confidence. "So, what about that drink? Are you free tonight?"

"I could be."

"Great! Did you want to meet somewhere?"

"I'll text you the directions to my place. Seven o'clock?"

"Perfect." I felt my dick springing to life a little just in anticipation.

"I'll see you then." She hung up.

I spent the next few hours finishing up some yard work, but I mostly just paced around the property fantasizing about Danni naked and all the things I wanted to do to her. By the time I pulled up at her place, I had imagined

**We looked
at each other,
and a split second
later, she was
grabbing my collar
and pulling me
into her arms.**

the night in my head 200 times over.

Dani met me at the door, wearing only a black silk kimono. We looked at each other, and a split second later, she was grabbing my collar and pulling me into her arms. I kicked the door shut behind me as we moved into the living room, a torrent of kisses and caresses all melding together.

But then, Dani pulled back and playfully shoved me back onto the couch. She stood before me with a devious grin, slowly untying her robe as she spoke.

"Look, I'll be frank," she said. "My ex was pretty boring in bed, and it's also

been awhile—a long while."

Dani paused as if gauging my reaction and then continued. "And on both of those notes, I'm looking for a man who not only wants to fuck my brains out, but a man who is adventurous. I don't want any drama, or strings—just crazy fucking." She pursed her lips and looked at me. "Do you think you can handle all that?"

I nodded eagerly. "Yes, ma'am." My dick strained against my jeans, as the situation grew more and more exciting.

"Alright then." Dani gathered her hair to one side. "And there's one other thing..."

"Yes?"

She smiled and turned around, letting her robe drop to reveal first her toned back and then her juicy, heart-shaped bottom.

I inhaled sharply as I took in the view. Dani peered over her shoulder, locking eyes with me. "I want anal. And I want you to worship my ass."

"Wow, uh, yes. Of course!" I sputtered, literally on the edge of my seat at that point.

Dani turned around and giggled. The gorgeous MILF before me had the most exquisite body I had ever seen in my life—and she was standing mere inches away. Now, I'm not saying babes around my own age aren't hot, but Dani was like 500 percent more "woman," and the way she carried herself sent every one of my senses tumbling into animalistic overdrive.

As my earlier assessment had confirmed, Dani had full, soft breasts to balance out the bountiful curves of her booty, and a tiny waist I could have slipped my hand around with one scoop. She kept her pussy hair trimmed in a neat triangle above her lips, which were just exposed enough thanks to a little thigh gap. She was like porn-star or centerfold material—and somehow she wanted me—I couldn't believe this was happening.

I must've been sitting there with my mouth open, staring like a complete fool, because Dani smiled and tilted her head: "Is everything alright?"

I cleared my throat and swallowed. "Oh yes, it's never been better," I chuckled. "It's just...wow. You're gorgeous."



“Come on, let’s get you upstairs.” She helped me up from the couch—and from there, my hands never stopped touching her.

We made out all the way across the living room, to the bottom of the stairs. And from there, I decided to pull out the stops and offered to carry her—she loved that. However, once we made it to the bed, Dani took charge.

She grabbed me by the belt buckle while I wiggled out of my shirt. “I’m dying to see what this bulge is all about.” Her free hand traced the outline of my shaft.

I inhaled sharply as I heard my zipper go down—and then registered the sensation of her warm breath on my body.

Dani gently tugged on my dick, pulling it out so I was at full salute. “And how is it again that you don’t have a girlfriend?” She smirked at me and gave my dick another teasing tug.

I chuckled, but then she licked her bottom lip and lowered her mouth to my dick. From there, I entered into a state of oral paradise. Dani definitely knew her way around a man’s body—she knew just how to touch me, when to suck, when to lick, when to release for a pause and when to resume with more gusto. Her plump lips and probing tongue took me to the brink and back, over and over.

I did my best to hold her beautiful hair back while she bobbed up and down, audibly slurping as she swallowed my shaft. I could feel the

pre-come oozing out of me already. “Wait—wait.” I said.

“Hmm?” Dani looked up at me.

“Sit on my face.” I grinned. “You wanted me to worship that ass? I mean, this is great, but I can’t really do my part with your ass so far away.”

With that, she shifted positions so we were in a proper 69.

I dove into her pink folds tongue first. I have always prided myself on good oral skills. I get so turned on hearing a woman moan in pleasure anyway, but knowing that I’m the guy taking her there definitely makes it even better. I plucked and stroked her clit with my fingers, while my tongue teased her opening for a bit.

Then, with a few soft kisses and





some slow, lazy licks, I turned my attention to her puckered asshole. Dani's rosebud was a slightly darker pink than her pussy, but still alluring all the same.

Up until then, I'd really never had a girlfriend who wanted much to do with playing "back there"—and maybe Dani sensed my hesitation a bit, because she really started to moan once I began to trace my tongue in ever-narrowing circles around her asshole.

Dani released my cock from her mouth with a pop. "Oh fuck, Steven! Yes, eat my ass!" Her juicy booty wiggled enticingly on my face as I was engulfed in the musky smell of her arousal. I slid two of my fingers into her gushing pussy and darted my tongue right in the middle of her ass, teasing all the sensitive nerves around the opening.

Even if it weren't for the fact that Dani was moaning so loudly, I could

feel her pussy muscles clenching down on my hands as her pleasure kept on building.

Dani squealed and glanced back at me again. "Put a finger in my asshole."

I did exactly as she asked—and added a third finger to her pussy for good measure. I finger-fucked Dani's holes in unison, while navigating through the haze of my own pleasure. It wasn't long though before she came. Dani arched her back and cried out, looking up at the ceiling, while I got an up-close view of her pussy and ass spasming in orgasmic delight.

I withdrew my fingers after—but there was no time to waste with this insatiable MILF. Dani rolled over and kissed me again.

"Now, I have a question for you." She whispered in my ear.

"What would that be?" I asked, cupping her beautiful breasts.

"Have you fucked a woman's ass

before?"

I hesitated for a second but then smiled. "Actually, no. I've never been with a girl who wanted to try, so I guess you'll be my first."

Dani's face lit up. "Oh boy—I love it!" She stroked my poor, tormented dick again. "You stay so nice and hard too, I think this is going to be amazing. But first, I need you to help get me ready."

"Sure, whatever you want." I definitely wasn't about to argue.

Dani reached into her bedside drawer and pulled out a little stainless-steel plug. I lay there mesmerized as she reached for some lube and coated it. "Slide this up inside my ass?" Dani smirked and got on all fours.

I gently swirled the plug around, teasing her a bit with the insertion. But then, it actually surprised me the way her ass just opened up and ate the toy, leaving only the flared outer edge visible.



Dani moaned and stroked her clit. “Oh yeah, that’s what I’m talking about...”

With the anal toy in place, I had her ride me reverse cowgirl, so I could take in the thrilling view of my dick impaling her pussy while the toy stayed deep inside her ass. If she wiggled or moved in certain ways, I could actually feel it too—which was wild.

As we fucked in deep unison, I spanked Dani’s ass and wiggled the anal toy around. I had to keep my brain distracted by something after all—because if I were to lay back and just give in, the sensations would have quickly made me come—and I was determined to last for Dani.

And this is definitely one of the pros of being with an experienced, mature woman: Dani was really intuitive about gauging my arousal level. She kept me at a nice but very hot plateau while riding my dick. However, it was only a matter of time before she wanted me inside her ass—after all—that was her “bottom line” all along.

She dismounted my dick, leaving it thoroughly coated in her juices. “You can take the toy out now.”

Naturally, I teased her. Dani moaned and rubbed her clit as I let the plug come a little ways out before slipping it back in. I twisted it, tugged it some more, and finally, after making sure her opening was as aroused and open as possible, I pulled out the plug.

“Hurry, Steven.” Dani moaned. “I want you to take me from behind.”

She didn’t have to ask twice. I reached into the drawer, slipped on a condom, and lubed up. “Is this good?” I asked.

Dani smiled. “Like a pro.”

My dick felt harder than concrete as I bore down against her tight anal ring, but then the miracle happened where that tight bud opened right up and practically inhaled me. Before I knew it, Dani’s ass had consumed my entire shaft, and my balls were slapping up against her pussy.

Dani exhaled. “Just relax and go slow.” Perhaps she said this for her own benefit as much as mine, but that’s exactly what I did. I started with shallower thrusts where I didn’t pull all the way out and then gradually worked us into a rhythm of nice deep anal

Before I knew it, Dani’s ass had consumed my entire shaft, and my balls were slapping up against her pussy.




drilling. Beads of sweat poured down my brow and chest as the sensations built.

Dani continued to moan loudly, intermittently rubbing herself. I squeezed her ass cheeks and reveled in both the view of her asshole stretching around my cock and the sheer sensation of it.

And when I finally couldn’t take it anymore, Dani was right there with me. I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her close as I exploded—I wanted to be as deep inside her ass as possible when I came. As I felt a torrent of hot come rocket out of my dick, Dani’s ass muscles trembled and her body shook. I held her tightly as she climaxed again drawing the heat of her orgasm through me as well. She reached back

and clutched onto my hands, balanced around her waist, as we both fell onto the bed in an exhausted pile. She turned and ran her nose across my sweaty neck, nuzzling and kissing me before flopping onto her back in exhaustion. We fell into a spoon position and dozed off almost immediately.

A few hours later, we woke up and went back at it. She drove me home afterward and let me add that the look on Justin’s face when her convertible pulled into the driveway was absolutely priceless.

Our affair lasted until I went back to school in September—and to this day it’s some of the most unforgettable sex I have ever had. Indeed, you could say it was a long, hot summer—and a very tight and deep one with Dani. 



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A Real Good Show

Everyone has that friend whose parties tend to get out of control. One night I attended one such party that ended with people fucking in the middle of the room while others danced in their underwear.

Normally I'd have said "hell no" long before the party took such a wild turn, but something about the guy I was talking to that night intrigued me, so I stayed a little longer to see where the night would go.

It was just a bit of innocent flirting until Jeff and I went into the kitchen to refresh our drinks. He leaned in and reached his arms on either side of me, placing his hands on the counter and caging me in. Though he kept his hips

a slight distance from mine, I could still feel his erection nudging my belly.

Then he kissed me. It started with a light brush of his lips over mine and gradually built until we were lost in a tangle of limbs and tongues.

Jeff scooped his hands beneath my ass cheeks, lifting me up until I could wind my legs around his waist. He backed me up against the island again and set my ass down on the counter, never once taking his lips off mine.

While Jeff and I continued our feverish make-out session, someone cleared away all of the liquor bottles that sat behind me on the glossy marble countertop. The tinkling sound of glass hitting glass rang out behind me, reminding me that there were other people in the room. I'd never had sex

in front of an audience before, but the slickness and insistent pulse between my thighs told me that was about to change.

Jeff's hand slipped around my back and found my dress hem. The fabric had ridden up past my hips when Jeff wound my legs around his waist earlier, but it stopped at the dip in my spine that sat just above my ass. He grabbed the clingy spandex, rolling it up my back as his tongue continued to plunder my mouth.

Jeff didn't stop kissing me until he got the dress pulled up over my breasts. He broke away just long enough to whip it over my head, leaving me completely naked in front of everyone else who lingered in the kitchen.

The apartment's chilly air caressed

my skin, making goose bumps rise. My nipples beaded up, too. Being exposed to the cold made them grow tight. They stood straight up on the tips of my breasts, pointing right at the guy who could soothe their discomfort.

I planted my hands on the countertop and arched my back, thrusting my breasts front and center—right in Jeff's face. He dipped his head and brushed his cheek over my cleavage, nuzzling my breasts. Then he kissed a path up and over my curve, slowly making his way to my nipple.

When Jeff finally reached the swollen bud, he didn't immediately draw me into his mouth as I'd hoped. Instead, he peppered me with short, sensual licks, amplifying the sensations already surging through my body.

Groaning, I wound my fingers through Jeff's hair and pulled him hard to my chest. His warm breath fanned over my skin as he chuckled at my overzealousness. Then he sealed his lips over my nipple and teased the me with his teeth.

How is it possible that fondling my breasts always seems to send echoes of pleasure south? A persistent pulse started up in my pussy, demanding that Jeff turn his attention there next.

Until he did I would have to make do with a bit of good old-fashioned dry-humping. I locked my ankles at Jeff's back again and pulled our bodies as close as possible.

His slacks rubbed against my pussy, gently rousing the nerves nestled within my flesh. I rocked my hips, shamelessly grinding myself against Jeff's pelvis. The more I moved, the bigger the bulge in his pants grew. Jeff seemed to like the feel of my pussy stroking his cock through his pants' thin material. Every time my pussy swept along his shaft, Jeff sucked harder on my tits.

Just when I was beginning to find my rhythm, Jeff lifted his head from my breasts. I opened my mouth to protest, but his hands were already on me, sliding along my torso and my back. He eased my upper body down on the countertop, letting my legs dangle over the side.

Jeff took a step back from the counter. My skin warmed in excitement as his eyes raked over my body. He

fumbled with his belt for a beat, keeping his eyes trained on me.

Finally, Jeff's pants fell to the floor, revealing his thick, hard cock. It bobbed over my pussy, giving my clit a quick tap before Jeff pulled away again. Something sailed through the air over my body, and he reached right up and caught it.

Jeff pinched a condom between his fingers. He gave it a little shake, making the metallic package catch the light and sparkle. Taking the foil between his

My inner muscles started to ripple and twitch over Jeff's shaft, drawing him even deeper inside.

teeth, Jeff tore the wrapper open.

Jeff slipped the rubber from its package and placed it over the crown of his cock. Slowly, he rolled the condom down. Once he was completely sheathed, he kept his fingers fisted at the base and guided himself to my hole.

Jeff's flared cockhead eased inside me. He paused for a moment, allowing my walls to stretch to accommodate his girth. Once my muscles relaxed around his shaft, Jeff buried himself to the hilt.

I scooted my ass forward on the countertop, further impaling myself on Jeff's cock. It felt so good to be so full.

My whole body buzzed when Jeff

moved his hips. He started off slowly, gently rocking into me. Gradually, he increased his speed, driving himself into me harder and faster until every thrust of his hips threatened to send me flying across the marble-topped island.

Little whimpers of pleasure fell from my lips as the slickness continued to grow. I could already feel the tension building inside me—that tight, coiling sensation that starts at your pussy and slowly spreads from one muscle to the next.

Then Jeff pressed his thumb to my clit, and I swear stars burst before my eyes. All the tightness that plagued my muscles mere seconds before melted away as heat radiated from my core.

When I screamed, the sound of my voice echoed off the kitchen walls. It seemed so loud for a room that was filled with people chatting earlier. My eyes fluttered open, focusing on the small crowd of people who'd gathered around the island to watch Jeff and I fuck.

A brave blonde stepped up alongside me. She held up a bottle of wine in offering and purred, "You look thirsty."

I responded with a nod.

Smiling, the woman leaned forward, causing the neck of her dress to drop and reveal her perky breasts. She tilted the bottle and dribbled the wine over my lips. More wine seemed to drop down my chin than into my mouth. I could feel the cool liquid traveling in rivulets down my neck and onto my chest.

Jeff's feverish fucking only made the wine drip down my skin even faster. Every time he drove his cock into my depths, my body shook on the countertop, causing the liquid to dribble over every ripple, curve, and crevice.

The blonde dragged her lips and tongue over my neck and chest, drinking up all of the wine. Her mouth closed around my nipple at the same time Jeff's cock hit my G-spot, making my eyes roll back into my head again.

There is something intoxicating about having two people work together in pursuit of your pleasure. The fact that there was an audience witnessing their endeavor to worship my body made it even better. Their quiet murmurs of appreciation rang in my ears, bringing my desire to a fever pitch.



Though my body was already licked clean of wine, that didn't stop my pretty female partner from continuing to lick every dip and curve she could reach. Her tongue trailed along the tender underside of one breast, then the other, gently stimulating the sensitive skin.

While her mouth caressed my curves, her fingers found their way to my nipple. She trapped the tight little bud between her fingers, giving it a squeeze right as Jeff's cock surged deep inside me.

My body writhed against the cold stone countertop. It chilled my heated skin, but somehow that only accentuated the sensations crashing over me in waves.

I wasn't the only one affected by our fuck session. Jeff grunted through gritted teeth. His fingers curled into the tops of my thighs, holding my body steady while he pounded at my pussy.

My inner muscles started to ripple and twitch over Jeff's shaft, drawing him even deeper inside. The tighter my grip on Jeff's cock became, the more he groaned.

Then I came with a scream. My pussy contracted around Jeff's cock, milking him for all he was worth. My walls spasmed around him, massaging his shaft until his groans gave way to one long, primal growl.

Jeff pistoned his cock into my pussy at breakneck speed. Every time it seemed that my orgasm had reached its peak, he'd drive me up even higher, drawing my pleasure longer than I'd ever thought possible.

Fully devoted to helping Jeff and I both achieve sated bliss, the hot blonde moved away from my breasts and went to stand behind me. She placed her hands on my shoulders, keeping

me in place so that Jeff could fuck me unencumbered.

One final pulse inside my pussy sent Jeff right over the edge. The people around us echoed his howl as he came, filling the room with the sounds of unadulterated male pleasure. I loved that sound. It was so good, it inspired a nice little aftershock orgasm that jolted my body.

After Jeff withdrew from my depths, he offered me his hand and helped me sit up. For the first time, I was able to appreciate just how many people were in the room with us. At least 20 smiling faces looked back at me, reminding me that they each knew exactly what I looked and sounded like as my body fell to pieces. Would I do it again? I would, and I have.

—Lana D., Brooklyn, NY

Unfamiliar Terrain

I had married young, and I stuck with my husband even when it became obvious that our marriage was crumbling. I didn't hold it against Jack. We'd just been too different in the end.

But when we parted, it left me with a sexual biography with only one chapter. I was still young, but I didn't have a clue how to attract a new man. I'd lost all my flirting skills.

I was afraid of sinking into a lonely rut. I felt like if I didn't do something soon, I'd become permanently gun-shy. There wasn't anyone in my social circle who interested me. What I needed, I figured, was a completely fresh start. Meet somebody totally new. Do something a little crazy, maybe.

As I dressed to go out to a club, I tried not to let myself feel too ridiculous. I chose a short black dress and put a little extra attention into my hair. Studying the results in a full-length mirror, I thought I looked pretty damn hot. But then again, I wasn't trying to entice *me*. The whole plan tonight was to attract a stranger. I wasn't even necessarily looking for sex. I just needed to find out if I still counted as a viable woman who was worthy of someone else's sexual attention.

Excitement and anxiety mingled in me as I arrived at the club. Seeing that I was a few years older than most of the people waiting in the line, I almost jumped back in the taxi I had arrived in and fled the scene.

But I stayed steadfast, waited my turn, and was admitted to the warehouse-sized venue. Inside it was all whirling lights and pounding music. I wondered if maybe I should have picked someplace quieter for my first post-marital venture. Yet the place's energy was exhilarating. The dance floor was filled with gyrating bodies.

There was also an unmistakable sexual vibe to the place. People came here to meet other people. If I was looking for a hookup, or at least some attention, this was a good place to start.



I nerved myself up with a drink at the bar. I looked around at the males, trying not to be obvious. No one seemed to be looking back at me. I didn't let myself despair. Knocking back my drink, I hit the dance floor.

It was a kind of free-for-all. People danced alone or in groups, or they switched partners so often you couldn't tell if they were with anybody or not. I twirled among the sea of strangers, dancing opposite one person, then another. Whenever it was a guy, I made sure to check him out. If he was hot, I moved closer to him, hoping to brush his body and maybe get some clear sign from him. Everybody was friendly, but none of the men paid that extra kind of attention to me that I craved.

It started to get frustrating, then it became downright discouraging. Was I too old for this crowd? Was I just somehow out of step with the world? Whatever, this endeavor of mine seemed hopeless. I decided to call it quits.

I called for a cab and waited outside the club. Within minutes, a car rolled up. A woman was driving. She called out my name, and I got in the back. I told her my

home address.

"Oh, that's perfect," she said. "I live three blocks from there. I can go right home afterward." She had a cheery voice. Her face looked pretty in profile. Also, she was my age, which was refreshing.

"Tough night?" I asked on impulse.

She shrugged. "Hard to tell one from the next."

"Amen," I muttered.

As we cruised along the dark streets, I saw her eyes in the rearview. Finally she said, "You're kinda cute."

It caught me off-guard. "Thanks," I said automatically.

"I like your dress," the driver went on. "I bet it would look great on my bedroom floor. Oh! Sorry, sorry. Inappropriate!" But there was laughter in her voice.

I wasn't offended. Her manner was amiable. I realized that if a man had said those comments, I probably *would* have taken offense. And was she serious? Did she find me attractive?

I had nothing to show for my "adventurous" night. I hadn't even blipped on any man's radar. Suddenly the urge to do something drastic



overcame me. I reached up and pulled the top of my black dress down, revealing my bare breasts. My heart was beating fast as I thrust them forward.

"Wow!" the driver yelped, hitting the brakes. She stopped in the middle of an empty street and spun around, eyes wide, tongue hanging out. "Fuck, you've got gorgeous tits! I could suck on those forever."

A primal surge of excitement welled up in me. It bypassed all my filters. I'd gotten the attention I'd been looking for, and my flesh tingled. My pussy dampened. I'd never done anything sexual with a woman before.

"Then let's go somewhere," I heard myself say.

Her place was closer, so she raced us there. On the way I introduced myself as Vera. Her name was Jenny. We paused to kiss on the way up the steps to her apartment. It wasn't a friendly girly peck, either. She shoved her tongue in my mouth. My excitement only increased.

As we got inside, her hands were moving all over me. I found my hands

less arousing. Marriage had sheltered me. Now I saw there was a whole world of carnal possibilities that I knew next to nothing about. I promised myself that tonight, I would start to learn.

Jenny rolled on top of me. I liked her lean weight. She pressed her crotch on mine, sending a sparkling wave of joy through me. I groped her ass, pulling her tighter against me. She licked my throat, then moved down to my breasts.

She feasted on them. My nipples, already stiff, grew harder and more stimulated as she batted them with her tongue, then sucked on them, then nibbled. Hot needles of pleasure ran up my body.

After getting her fill, she shifted further down. Her kissing lips crossed my belly. I opened my legs and she slipped between them. Lifting my head, I watched in wonder as her mouth moved hungrily toward my wet, waiting pussy. This, then, would be the crossed-line moment. If she licked my pussy that made me officially bi. A final flutter of stupid anxiety shivered through me and vanished.

Maybe *this* was the crossed line into bi-hood, I thought as my lips touched her. Jenny wriggled at the contact. I ran my tongue over her folds, tasting her moisture. I knew how I liked having my pussy eaten. All I needed to do was reverse-engineer the process.

I parted her lips with my fingers and slipped my tongue inside. She was so warm, so wet. Her clit awaited me, and I lavished it with my tongue. I felt her pulse. Suddenly her thighs were tightening around my shoulders.

When she came, she flooded my mouth. I drank the juice eagerly, feeling it all the way as it went down. I came up panting, chin dripping, feeling an immense pride. My first pussy-eating was a success.

I didn't know what came next, but Jenny had an idea. She wanted to scissor. I tried to hide my firsthand unfamiliarity with the position. I leaned back on my hands, copying her. We fit our legs together, sliding forward until our drenched pussies could make contact.

My pussy dampened. I'd never done anything sexual with a woman before.

roving as well. Jenny had a body that was both soft and wiry. With a sense of wonder I groped her breasts through her top—the first time I'd ever done such a thing. We kissed ferociously as we made for her bedroom. She was flinging off clothing. Boldly, I did the same.

We arrived naked at the foot of her bed. The air seemed to crackle around us. I beheld her nude beauty. She had lush tits and a taut ass. Her eyes blazed with desire, and her hairless pussy gleamed.

Together we tumbled onto the bed. She yanked me into an embrace, and our mouths grinded together once more. I kissed her deeply, delving into her mouth with my tongue. I pressed my body tightly to hers. Her skin was so smooth. My hands glided over the silken flesh. The feminine terrain was so unfamiliar but so enticing. How different this was from lying with a man.

But I was stunned to find it was no

I moaned as I felt her hot breath on my pussy lips. Then her tongue unfurled and swiped my cleft from bottom to top. My hips jerked underneath me. Her tongue speared inside me. Warmth seethed outward from the contact, finding its way into every part of me.

She went unerringly to my clit's pulsing nub. As she lapped at me, the ecstasy grew. There was nothing I could do—or *wanted* to do—to stop it. My hands clawed the bed on each side. My ass lifted into the air. I humped on her face and came with a cry.

In the aftermath I had only one thought: I must eat her, too. Jenny helpfully switched positions with me. I knelt between her smooth thighs. The glistening stripe of her pussy laid before me, beckoning. This wasn't duty. I desperately wanted to do this. I lowered my mouth toward her, about to get my first pure taste of a woman.

For the first seconds it seemed awkward, then I fell into the rhythm. With my arms braced behind me I had leverage to shove my pelvis forward.

Jenny was limber. So was I. We writhed and squirmed and grunted and groaned. I gazed at her womanly beauty, watched her tits heave. I saw her face twist in mounting pleasure. I felt the same response in me.

We humped hard at each other. Suddenly she cried out. I was seconds behind her. Together we thrashed through our mutual orgasm. Bliss overwhelmed me, all the sweeter for sharing it with another woman.

Afterward, I told Jenny this had been my first lesbian experience. She gasped in total disbelief. Then she kissed me tenderly and said, "I hope it's not your last. Actually, I hope it's not our last time, too."

—Vera K., via email





Virgin Journey



Cal had finally come back into my life. As he leaned back against the sofa, I could tell he was about to ask me an

important question.

"So, are you and Ted having sex?" Cal finally asked, referring to the coworker who had called up that evening to ask me out.

I didn't answer right away. Cal ran his fingers through my hair, smoothing my bangs away from my eyes. "Well?" he persisted.

"No," I answered quietly. "I haven't had sex with anyone ... yet."

Hearing my answer, something inside his blue eyes seemed to relax. Without speaking, Cal gently kissed my neck, nibbling his way along the line of my jaw. His hand moved down my back, tracing the outline of my spine, and came to rest on the curve of my hip. He smiled and I smiled back, then I sat in his lap, straddling him. He locked his arms behind me, and I felt his cock pulsing through his jeans and rocked against the bulge beneath me. He let out a deep, hungry moan.

"Amy, is this okay?"

I whispered, "God, yes, Cal, I want this so bad. It's time."

Then he whispered, "Tell me what you want."

"I want to unbutton your jeans and take out your cock," I said. He caught his breath, and my confidence grew. "I'd take you in my mouth and suck you," I continued. "I want to make you beg for me to swallow you deeper. Then I'd run my tongue slowly around your cock. I'd stroke you with my hands while pressing my face to your balls, suckling first one and then the other."

"Oh, Amy," he cooed, stroking my hair.

"I want to deep-throat you when you're about to explode," I continued. "I'm dying to taste your come."

He interrupted me with his tongue, probing my mouth insistently. I arched my back like a cat, pushing my breasts against his chest. "Oh, Amy," he said.

"It's taken us a long time to get here, hasn't it?"

I nodded as Cal lifted me from his lap and stood up. He took me in his arms and carried me to my bedroom. He put me on the mattress and lovingly removed my clothes. Naked, I watched him undress.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, trying to pull him down to me. But he remained poised above me, brushing against me with the tip of his erect cock. Then he whispered, "Where did you learn to talk so dirty?" I blushed as I said that maybe I wasn't quite as shy as he thought.

Cal rested his weight on top of me and licked up and down my neck. I was growing more and more excited. He slid down my body, running his tongue around my nipples. He grazed them with his teeth and bit them until I groaned.

"Does that feel good?" I didn't even try to answer, just nodded. He spread my legs and situated himself between my thighs and asked, "Who's going to beg now, Amy?"

"Please." Was that my voice, so low, so desperate?

"Please, what?"

"Please touch me, Cal. Eat my pussy."

Moments later, Cal spread my pussy lips, lapping up my abundant juices. I kept telling him what I wanted until he said, "I'm not going to make you come yet. We have all night."

Then he buried his face in my pussy again. He'd replace his tongue with his fingers when he'd lift his head for a second to whisper, "You are so sweet. You have the most beautiful cunt."

He slid his hands under my ass and lifted me to his lips. My muscles began to contract, and he stopped, realizing I was on the verge of orgasm. Then he asked if I'd ever gone down on a man.

"No," I whispered, my pussy twitching. "You know I haven't."

Cal leaned back against the headboard. The only sound in the room was a soft buzzing from the light overhead. I touched his cock, stroking it with timid fingers.

"Pretend you're eating an ice pop,"

he suggested.

I bent over him, my hair cascading across his muscular legs. He stroked the back of my head, easing me toward his cock. I licked my lips and took the head of his erection in my mouth. I heard Cal groan. I ran my tongue in lazy circles around the tip, exploring the smooth skin, delighting in the unfamiliar taste of his pre-come.

"That's right." His voice was barely a whisper.

I sucked him almost in slow motion. I took him in as deep as I could, nuzzling my nose into his nest of blond hair. I was drunk with his musky smell. I increased my suction as I pulled off of his cock and I heard him gasp. Panting, Cal swiveled around so he could reach my pussy and he spread my glossy cunt lips with his fingers. We were in a 69 and I followed his lead, taking his stiff member in one hand, bringing it toward my lips.

He moaned hard as I began sucking him again, and the vibrations of his lips against my clitoris shook me to my core. My lips worked on his cock with frantic strokes. I'm sure he could tell how close I was to coming. Waves of pleasure started to rock me. We came together, and I sucked him completely dry, hungrily swallowing my first taste of semen. I lay back panting, reveling in the vibrations that continued to pulse through my cunt.

When it was over, he slid up to snuggle next to me. Our juices mingled together through our wet kisses, fragrant and wonderful. I curled up, cradled against Cal's warm body, listening to his breathing.

Not much later, having been aroused again by Cal's knowing lips and hands, I experienced the ultimate pleasure of having his sturdy cock working in and out of my pussy. I was a virgin no more.

-Amy C., Boise, Idaho

Mail your letter to: Penthouse Letters, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311. Or you can email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

A low-angle, black and white photograph of a woman sitting on an office chair. She is wearing a black dress and high heels. Her legs are crossed at the ankles, and her arms are resting on her knees. The chair is a black swivel chair with casters. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Office Politics

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Last Day Perks

The party was expected. I knew for a fact that Alice, the office manager, would do it up right. I'd been there for seven years, done a great job, played by the rules, and had given them plenty of notice. There was a nice dinner buffet spread with a cake, and liquor flowing since we were all officially off the clock. Everyone stood around joking and telling stories, but all I could focus on was Mike. The IT guy. Mike looked the part but more muscular than a typical office drone. He wore glasses and had a short dark beard and mustache. I'd been wanting to fuck him since his first day on the job about six months ago.

We'd flirted plenty, but I was a big

believer in you don't play where you work. It's usually a very bad idea. But as I watched him and noticed him watching me, it occurred to me that very soon, I would not work there anymore. I was finally free to make a move.

As the conversation and joking grew louder, I moved a bit closer to him. After a minute, a few hesitant glances, and an obvious deep breath for courage, he drew closer to me.

We were far in the back of the crowd by a large fake potted tree. Amped from the wine and the relief that my final day was done, I reached behind the trunk so my arm was partially shielded. I grabbed his ass cheek and squeezed.

It was comical when he jolted at the sudden touch. He made a weird little

noise as color rushed to his face, but just one glance showed me that his cock was suddenly hard. He looked at me and shifted a little closer.

I leaned behind the tree as if it would hide us completely and he did too.

"Hey, this is boring," I said.

He pressed his back against the wall. I followed suit so that we were literally standing behind the tree. It was only shielding part of us, but that was enough. I slid my finger along the crotch of his khakis testing the hardness I knew I'd find there.

His eyes looked as big as dinner plates and I had to try not to laugh.

"Want to get out of here?"

He nodded. He was such a shy guy. I wanted to push him just a little bit.

"Prove it. Kiss me."

He looked out at the gathering and seemed satisfied that no one was watching. He leaned toward me, cupped the back of my head, and kissed me. Then he did me one better, he reached with his other hand and cupped my tit. His fingertips found my nipple and pinched it hard. Suddenly, inside my bra, my nipple was a tingling knot of electricity.

"My old office," I said. "No one will be in there."

He exited immediately without being told. I stood there by the big fake tree and waited a few beats. People were still chattering and drinking. If anyone noticed me missing, they'd probably assume I'd gone to the ladies' room.

I hurried down the hall to my now bare-bones office. Nothing but the furniture it came with and a box waiting for me to haul it to the car.

We could have split and gone to my apartment, but it would be so much hotter to have a tryst with my office crush in my actual office.

He was standing there looking slightly lost when I entered.

I shut the door behind me, thumbed the lock—I still had the key in my bag—and said, "Well? Are you going to take your clothes off or just stare at me?"

He took his pants off so fast it was amusing.

I hooked my fingers in the waistband of his boxer briefs and pushed them down. His cock sprang free like a divining rod pointing its way to pussy. I grabbed ahold of it, warm and hard, and gave him a few strokes. His eyes drifted shut for a second. I gave him a firm squeeze and they popped open.

"The rest of your clothes," I said.

He pulled off his tie and then worked the buttons of his shirt.

I pulled my panties off, dangled them in front of him, and then turned and hiked my dress up. "I'm going to leave mine on at first. Something about getting fucked while mostly clothed gets me off."

He nodded again. "Okay."

I held my dress in my hands and bent over the desk, legs spread, so that he could see my lean thighs and my ass. "I've been thinking about this since you started here."

Suddenly, he was in close behind

me, his hot breath on the back of my neck. He looped a big arm around my middle and his fingers were exploring me, teasing me, tracing my wetness all the way up to my clit where he started to stroke. The expert way his fingers moved over my flesh delighted me.

"You have?" His mouth came down on my neck. Mouth turned to teeth as he nibbled my skin and then shoved two fingers into my pussy.

I gasped, the pleasure saturating me in an instant.

**We could have
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my actual office.**

I pushed against the desk, forcing my ass back farther. He was turning me on. Suddenly, I couldn't wait any more.

"Fuck me, Mike. Stick it in me."

An aggressive noise came out of him and the fine hairs on the back of my neck prickled. My nipples spiked. My stomach tumbled like I was in free fall. Then his big cock was sliding into me, stretching me, and I was very grateful I was no longer gainfully employed by this company.

He held me tight with that big arm, his body hunched over mine, as he fucked me like a maniac. "I didn't know you had it in you," I said, on an exhalation.

His free hand found my mound, his fingers slid along my clit, up and down, up and down until I was swooning.

"It's in you, right now," he grunted.

A burble of laughter rolled out of me but then he thrust deep and his cock hit my G-spot with such sudden perfect force my toes curled inside my heels.

"Again," I said. "Right there. Fuck, yes, right there."

He held me tight and rocked into me. Each driving thrust was measured. He was doing as asked, and doing it perfectly.

"Jesus. That is so...fucking perfect." I moved my body in time with his. Pressing back every time he drove forward.

I put my hand on his strong arm. My other hand strayed to my breasts. I pinched and stroked my nipples through my dress, then shoved my hand inside my bodice and bra and pinched them harder.

I came, stifling my cry lest the crowd in the conference room hear us.

My pussy flickered and worked around his cock. Every time a spasm hit, he groaned.

"Pull out for a second," I said. "I want to do something. Pull out."

He did. When I turned to face him, he stood there, panting hard.

I pulled my dress off slowly and then turned him so his ass rested against the lip of the desk. I kissed my way down his belly, grazed his hips with my teeth. Mike moaned and that made my pussy flex.

I got on my knees and looked up at him. Stroking him. "Have you thought about this before?"

He tossed his head back and laughed. Then he stared down at me. "Only every time I laid eyes on you."

He put his hand on my head and pressed. That take charge gesture shot a thrill through me.

I put his cock in my mouth slowly. Taking my time. I drove my lips down his shaft and when I was at the base, I paused. I felt him twitch in my mouth. Heard him groaned again, this time with frustration.

I worked my mouth to the tip, licked him, sucked him hard, and then drove my mouth down again. I worked him with my tongue and lips. I drew on him until I heard him gasp and then pumped my



slick fist up and down his length. I slid my tongue along the tip and then swept it down one side before traveling up the other. He thrust his hips forward, burying his cock in my mouth and throat. I held his hips and took it. Finally, I pulled my mouth off his cock and stood.

I pushed his shoulders down and he got the hint, getting on his knees. He parted my thighs and put his warm wet mouth on my pussy. It didn't take much. His tongue nudged my clit, making spirals that had me swooning. He sucked the hard nub of flesh and then drove a finger into my cunt. The added sensation had me gasping.

I widened my stance and arched my hips. He worked me with his mouth and fingers and it didn't take much. I was swollen and sensitive. I moved forward against his mouth and took everything his tongue and fingers, had to give.

The pressure built to an unbearable level and when I came I tugged his hair good and hard.

I hopped onto the desk, spread my legs and said, "Fuck me."

Mike didn't need to be told twice. He got between my thighs and rammed into me. He held my hips and fucked me like a man possessed. His big hard cock slamming into me in a perfect rhythm. I clenched my internal muscles

around him to watch him struggle.

"Jesus," he said. "I'm going to come. I'm going to come."

I clenched again and that sensation sent me over the edge. A small but lovely orgasm rolled through my pussy as I clutched his shoulders.

That sensation did him in. Mike pulled free of me, grabbed his cock, and painted my belly and mound with his come.

I laughed softly. "Last day perks?"

He grinned at me. "Want to come home for a drink?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

—Janice H., New York, NY





The Boss's Daughter

I like my job. As VP of a major construction company, I'm busy all the time, but I also get some huge perks. I split my time between the office and job sites, and my free hours are spent schmoozing at cocktail parties, opera visits, or deep sea fishing trips. (Basically, anything that can be written off as networking.) Our suppliers and potential suppliers are willing to do a lot to make me happy, so I work hard and play hard, and so far it's worked out well.

There is one big problem: my

boss recently saddled me with a personal assistant to help manage my workload. Meera is sharp, efficient, and aggressively judgmental and she also happens to be the boss's daughter.

She's also really, *really* sexy. Huge eyes, a body to die for, and an attitude the size of Texas. She's sharp enough to help me with not just my schedule, but my presentations and negotiation strategies. Unfortunately, she definitely doesn't approve of my extracurricular activities.

"His last shipment was a week late," she'll lecture when a supplier wants

to take me to a baseball game. "That's gross," she'll say when someone wants to take me to a strip club. "Do you even work here?" she'll grouse when I take an extended golfing trip with a potential supplier.

I know I'm a little corrupt. Everyone's corrupt at my level. But Meera judging me drives me up the wall, and not just because I don't enjoy being judged. She's distractingly beautiful and the boss's daughter, and I can't quite tell if she hates me or wants me, but I've been desperate to find out.

Fast forward to last weekend.

I was working on a Saturday, since my Friday had been lost to wine tasting with a supplier. Meera, being my personal assistant, has to work whenever I do, and I take a certain sadistic pleasure in making her work on weekends.

She was sitting at her desk just outside my office, and since the door and wall were glass—chosen by the last president as a metaphor for transparency, hilariously enough—I had a front-row seat to the way she kicked off her high heels as she read over a contract. She wasn't wearing pantyhose, and I was riveted to the sight of her rubbing her bare toes over her calf. Her toenails were cherry red, a detail that made me extra aware that a very attractive woman was seated fifteen feet away from me in a deserted office.

Before I could think better of it, I grabbed the phone and dialed her extension. She knew it was me from Caller ID, but she responded with her usual professional greeting.

"I'm bored," I told her, suppressing a laugh when her spine stiffened in outrage.

"How fascinating," she said in response. "Maybe you didn't need to come in to work on a Saturday, after all."

"You're my assistant," I told her. "Aren't you supposed to entertain me?"

And oh, that was absolutely the perfect thing to say, because she slammed the phone down on the cradle, slid her feet back into her heels, and stormed into my office.

"Look," she said, smacking her hands down on my desk. "I don't want to be here on the weekend either, so let's just get the work done and go home."

I leaned back in my chair and eyed her up and down, from the hem of her tight business skirt to the neckline of her blouse. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but you're my assistant. You do what I say."

She was fuming at this point, and I silently celebrated getting under her skin. What she did next shocked me, though. She stomped around to my side of the desk, grabbed my tie, and tugged it up, nearly choking me. "And you know as the boss's daughter I could have you fired in a second," she said, stepping between my legs. "So cut the shit."

For a man like me, threats followed by mild physical violence is basically a mating

call. I settled a hand on her hip, and her eyes widened, but she just kept strangling me. Her not punching me in the face or running away was promising, so I slid the hand down to the hem of her skirt. As I tugged the fabric up, she shivered.

Bingo.

The two of us apparently hated and lusted after each other equally, which meant we had a new battlefield to wage war on.

I kept lifting the skirt until it was at her hips, revealing black underwear. "So we both know we can make each other's lives hell, right?" I asked, staring at the outline of her plump pussy through her panties.

She bit her lip and nodded.

"Or we just fuck," I suggested.

And apparently that was exactly what Meera wanted, because the next thing I knew, she was leaning over and kissing me. I fumbled with her skirt, and after a mutual bout of swearing and battling with clothes, I was finally free of my jacket, while she was stripped down to her lingerie.

I yanked Meera onto my lap, settling her back against my chest. I skated my hand down and slipped it beneath her panties. She was wet, and as I rubbed my fingers over her cunt, she moaned and tipped her head back against my shoulder.

My office chair was not going to be sturdy enough for what I wanted to do, so I lifted Meera off me and dragged her down to the floor. She straddled me, gripping my tie in one fist as she undulated over my erection. The way she snapped her hips was mesmerizing, and I

slacks and pulled my dick out, then dipped her head and started sucking.

She was fantastic in that overly aggressive way that makes you worried she might bite your dick off if you say the wrong thing. Maybe hate sex isn't appealing to everyone, but it definitely revs my engine. She bobbed up and down, sucking enthusiastically while her hand squeezed hard around my base.

"Get over here," I told her, refusing to be the only one about to be undone by pleasure. This was a negotiation, after all, and orgasms were an important commodity.

She shifted her body until her mouth was at my dick and her pussy was over my face. I licked her through her panties, then tugged the fabric aside to get my mouth on her. She was incredibly wet, and I loved the tangy taste of her against my tongue. She moaned against me, and her mouth grew more frantic around my cock. I slipped a finger into her, then used that lubricated finger to rub over her tight asshole. She shivered and groaned around my dick when I slid my finger in a few inches, licking her cunt the whole time.

I was loving every second of eating her out while she sucked me off, but soon I had to stop. I pulled away, dragging her off my dick. Then I repositioned us, stripping off her panties and bra before putting her on her hands and knees.

She quivered as I dragged my hands down her back. When I slapped her ass lightly, she glared back at me in outrage, but I noticed the clench of her pussy.

"And you know as the boss's daughter I could have you fired in a second," she said, stepping between my legs.

grabbed her ass to rub her harder against me.

Meera moaned, then slid down my body to my crotch. She unzipped my

Meera liked it a little rough. I spanked her again, harder this time, then rubbed the sting out.

"Is that the best you can do?" she



asked.

It was on. I spanked her over and over again, moving from her ass cheeks to her upper thighs and back. Soon she was whimpering and flinching away from the hits, and I knew I'd won. I stroked her more softly, soothing her until she'd gotten her breathing under control and was once again rocking back against me.

She was wet, but I'm a thorough guy, so I slid two fingers into her pussy from behind, pumping them slowly to make sure she was ready for my dick. She let out a little moan that told me she was loving it.

"Tell me how much you want my dick," I told her.

Apparently, that was a step too far, because she whipped her head around and glared at me. "I think you love your dick enough for both of us. Just shut up and put it in me."

Well, it was only our first time; now that this bridge had been crossed, I was certain there would be many others. I

could make her beg for it later. I grabbed a condom from my desk drawer—it pays to be prepared—and slid it on, then lined up behind her. I was still in my shirt and slacks, with my erection sticking out, and being clothed while she was totally naked made me feel powerful. I pressed the tip against her and pushed.

She gasped and arched her back in a gratifying way as I thrust all the way in. She was hot and so tight, like her pussy had been made for me. I pulled out slowly, then hovered with just the tip in her, wanting to see what she would do.

She reached one manicured hand back to grip my thigh and tug me into her. "Do it," she ordered.

"Get ready to take it," I told her. I shoved into her hard. She moaned and slammed her clenched fist against the floor.

I fucked her with deep, forceful strokes, gripping her hips for leverage. The sound of our bodies slapping together was loud in the office, and

soon she was whimpering with every punishing thrust. I decreased the intensity slightly, only to have her snarl at me. "More!"

Meera wanted to be absolutely railed. I fucked her until she was moaning louder than anyone I'd ever been with, and when I felt my balls start to tighten with an oncoming orgasm, I reached around to rub her clit.

That did it. She came with a shriek, her pussy squeezing me hard as she shuddered all over. That set me off, and I came in her so hard my vision blurred.

She looked back at me over her shoulder, and she looked simultaneously blissed out and bitchy. "Back to work?" she asked.

I smacked her on the ass again. "Not likely."

We spent the rest of that Saturday fucking all over the office, and it was the best overtime I'd ever put in.

—Paul K., via email



PENTHOUSE

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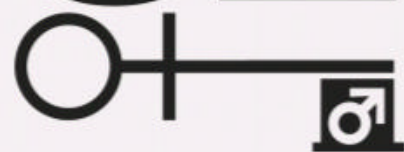
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VARIATIONS



UNCONVENTIONAL
BUSINESSMAN TURNS
SECRET BUTT SLUT

OH, MAMA!
NAUGHTY MILF'S
KINKY GANG BANG

HIS PURR-FECT PET
SUBMISSIVE SEX KITTEN
IS THE CAT'S MEOW

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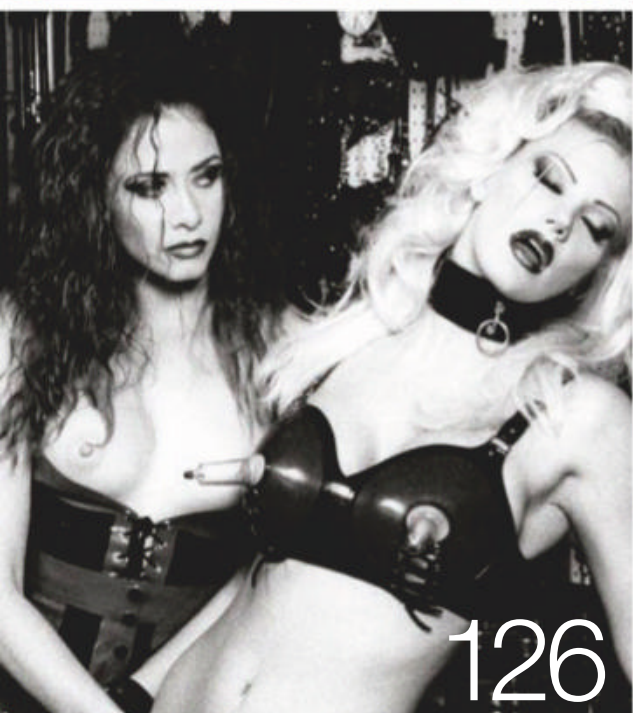
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PENTHOUSE®

VARIATIONS





Crystal's Castle

My life is boring, and I wasn't sexually adventurous even before I got married. Marriage completely ended my sex life, as it is wont to do, and when I got divorced at 54, I didn't expect any sexual miracles to come my way.

I recently attended a phlebotomy conference. Phlebotomy is basically the practice of drawing blood for medical reasons. It's my job, to be clear, not just a weird hobby. These conferences aren't particularly exciting, but it's good to see colleagues.

We were stationed at a hotel, per usual, but something extremely exciting and unexpected happened: Another convention was also using the hotel. A BDSM convention.

The first hint was the leather. The next was the black latex. Then I got lost

and ended up at the wrong conference room, only to witness a man getting pegged in front of a rapt audience. *That* was an eye-opener, let me tell you.

It was apparently either a sales pitch for a strap-on company or a guide to using them, because someone was droning on about materials and proper technique, but I didn't absorb any of it. I stared, transfixed. I'd never wanted to have anything in my ass, but the woman wielding the strap-on was gorgeous. She was wearing a corset and skintight leather pants, and the look on her face as she fucked that man was...

Well, I got an erection.

Not from the ass stuff, to clarify. But as I stood in the doorway in my tweed jacket, I had a sudden overwhelming desire for that woman to dominate me. I'd never moved much past missionary,

and though I'd seen my share of porn, it had never seemed like it might happen to me. But here I was, watching another middle-aged man get fucked up the ass.

The woman demonstrating the strap-on looked up at one point. Her eyes coasted over the audience, almost looking bored despite how wild this all seemed to me. Then her eyes locked on mine. I stared back, fully aware that my jaw was hanging open and I was beginning to sweat. She smirked, then returned her attention to her partner. I swore she knew my dick was hard in my slacks.

I left the room, but the memory wouldn't leave me. I thought about it through a series of technical discussions, and I even skipped the post-conference excursion to a nearby bar, choosing instead to stay at the

hotel bar. There were plenty of leather-clad people there, but not the one I most wanted to see.

Then she stepped up beside me and ordered a whiskey neat, and I pretty much fell in love.

"Hey," she said, grinning at me.

"Hey," I said back weakly. I was still wearing tweed, and I felt pathetic compared to this radiant woman, but she didn't seem to mind. She leaned against the bar and fixed me with her full attention.

"Is this your first convention?" she asked.

I laughed awkwardly. "No. I'm here for a different conference, actually. It's about phlebotomy. Drawing blood," I added when she looked confused.

She smiled. "We have a session on that, too, but it's probably not one you'd be interested in."

I cleared my throat. "I don't know. Today was certainly eye-opening."

She grinned and eyed me up and down. "Want to have your eyes opened even more?"

How could I possibly say no to that? I don't remember what I said or how exactly it happened, but we ended up in the elevator, heading to her room. Her name was Crystal, and she worked part-time at a dungeon while also working as an adjunct professor. She told me the basics of BDSM while we traveled—everything needed to be safe, sane, and consensual—and she established ground rules. If I wanted to explore this, she was happy to give me a primer, with or without sex. I requested sex, naturally. There would be no strap-ons, because that was something I wasn't nearly comfortable enough to attempt, but she promised a little pain. My safe word was "tarragon."

We reached her room, and it was like a switch had been flipped. As soon as the door shut, she took on this even more powerful persona. I don't know how else to describe it—she just seemed taller, meaner, and totally in control. And I liked it.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered.

I hastily complied, although I was nervous about having a woman see my body. She was a few decades younger than me, and I wasn't in the best shape. Thankfully, she looked at my nude body

like she enjoyed it, and that helped me relax.

"Bend over the bed," she said. "Ass up."

I obeyed her, leaning over so my elbows were planted on the bedspread. I felt even more stupid and vulnerable like that, but the second she trailed a hand down my back to cup my ass, I got so aroused that feeling stupid no longer mattered. I hadn't been touched intimately by another person in years, and the scratch of her long nails was

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heavenly.

She slapped my ass, and it was startling but also pleasant. She rubbed the sting out with her palm before slapping me again. "You want me to hit you," she said as she delivered a series of moderately hard blows. "You want to take this for me."

"Yes," I agreed, and although this hadn't been a kink of mine a day ago, it certainly was now.

"I'm going to use the flogger," she said, retrieving the implement from the nightstand. I was nervous, but she trailed it over me gently at first, letting me get accustomed to the heavy

drag of leather against my back and shoulders. When she finally wound up and smacked my ass, I shouted with pleasure. It hurt, but it also felt amazing in a way I couldn't articulate. My skin was hot and tingling.

She whirled the flogger in arcs I could just catch out of the corner of my eye, peppering my ass and thighs with hits of varying force. A few were so hard I jolted forward and had to bite my tongue not to ask her to stop. We were way beyond my comfort zone, but I'd never wanted anything more.

She stopped flogging me and dragged her tongue up my spine. I shivered and clutched at the bedspread. My dick was already incredibly hard, and she hadn't even touched it yet.

Crystal reached between my legs from the back, coasting over my asshole before fondling my balls. "You like this, don't you?" she said as she caged my balls in her fingers and tugged lightly. "You want me to make you my fuck toy?"

"Yes," I gasped. My balls were swollen and tender with the need to come, and the way she was deftly manhandling me was perfect. No woman had ever touched me so roughly before, but that slight pain made it a thousand times better.

She raked her nails down my back, then started back in with the flogger. I pushed back into every stroke, wanting more pain from her. It was sending me out of my mind into some hot, floating mental state. How had it taken over fifty years of my life to get to this point? How had I never understood or been curious about BDSM before?

Eventually, the blows against my ass got so painful that I was whimpering and cringing away from them. There was still pleasure in that pain, oddly enough, but I was about to lose my mind.

She pulled out another implement. She called it a pinwheel. It was a little disk with spokes on it that she rolled over my skin, and it provided a sharper, more subtle pain than the flogger. When she wielded it lightly, it felt like a caress. When she went a little harder, it was almost like being cut. She rolled it over my back and from my thighs up to my ass, and the pain was extra sharp where

she'd already beaten me.

"Are you ready to get fucked?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, desperate for it.

The pinwheel went away. "Too bad. Raise your torso more and curve your shoulders in."

I propped myself up on my arms, and then the flogger came down on my upper back. I loved it even more than having it hit my ass. The blows were solid enough to feel like punches, and adrenaline and endorphins pumped through me, making me feel high. No wonder people did this.

Crystal alternated between flogging my ass and my back, and I took it until my arms were shaking and my skin felt like it was on fire. Finally, right when I started worrying I wouldn't be able to take it anymore, she stopped.

"This is making me wet," she told me. "Get on your back on the bed."

I would have done anything she

asked at that point. I arranged myself on my back, my dick sticking up straight and hard. She stripped off her pants but left the corset on, and when she straddled me, I was enraptured by the wet gleam of her pussy. "Can I touch you?" I asked.

"Only if you make it good."

I reached between her legs to rub her clit, and touching a woman's aroused body after so many years was amazing. She was dripping-wet, and when I slid a finger into her pussy, her body squeezed around it.

"I'm going to ride your face," she said, shifting up to straddle my mouth. That hot, delicious pussy lowered over me, and I licked her ravenously, desperate for more of her sour-sweet taste. She was a goddess sent to Earth, and I would have done anything to make her come.

I focused on her clit, and she orgasmed with a moan, grinding her

cunt against my mouth. Then she grabbed a condom from the nightstand, rolled it over me, and sat on my dick. She was so wet that she sank all the way down immediately.

She rode me aggressively, her hips rolling as her hands pinned me down. I wasn't going to last long, but she was thankfully greedy and rubbed her clit as she rode me. Tension crept up on me, and soon I was bucking into her forcefully, desperate to come. When she put her hand around my throat and squeezed, I couldn't hold out anymore. I came with a shout, emptying my come into her. She orgasmed immediately after, her body rippling around my dick. It was the most intense sexual experience I'd ever had.

Then she grinned at me. "Welcome to the world of kink," she said. "That was just your first lesson."

—Tom H., Joplin, MI





Toy Shop Goodies

Steve switched to a bigger toy, stretching my pussy deliciously as he fucked me with it.

It took me a long time to own up to my fantasy with my boyfriend. It wasn't that I was into anything that crazy, but I'd always been afraid of speaking up about anything that wasn't mainstream. I wanted him to tie me up and use sex toys on me to make me come until I was begging him to stop...and then have him keep going until *he* actually wanted to stop. I'd been shy about telling him, but once I got it out in the open and realized he was genuinely excited about it, it was game on.

I seemed to be walking around in a constant state of arousal, excited to see how we would explore it. Steve suggested we go buy some sex toys and bondage gear together since we didn't have much to work with at home.

I thought I would be embarrassed walking into a store that sold sex stuff, but I was too eager to care. I'd always done my shopping for anything naughty online, so it was thrilling to see it all laid out. I could see walls of sex toys, a corner that looked like it had BDSM equipment, rows of porn, and lots of stuff I couldn't immediately identify.

A cute blue-haired employee in tiny shorts and a tight cotton T-shirt that did nothing to hide her perky tits appeared and asked, "Anything I can help you folks with?"

Steve gave her a charming smile, so I knew he had noticed the perky tits, too, but he answered, "No thanks. We're just browsing for now."

"Just give me a shout if you have any questions. I'm happy to help," she said before wandering back to the cash register, giving us a glimpse of her ass in those shorts.

That was all it took for her to become part of my fantasy. I bet she knew exactly how to work a sex toy, and two people driving me wild with toys was surely better than one. I tucked the idea away but didn't say anything. I'd never even expressed an interest in other women, much less something that drastic.

"Should we start with bondage?" Steve asked, pointing to what was clearly the BDSM section.

I nodded and followed him to the corner, getting turned on by the sight of rope and cuffs. The paddles and other implements didn't do it for me, but the idea of being helpless got me so hot.



We had an easy enough time finding some cuffs that didn't look too terrifying and some rope to go along with them. I kept sneaking glances at the blue-haired employee, and something about being in such a sexually liberated space was making me feel more adventurous than usual.

I eventually mumbled to Steve, "How would you feel about adding her to our fantasy?"

He smiled but hesitated, and I think he was trying to gauge whether I was serious.

"I'd be open to that," he said cautiously.

"Me, too! Think she gets propositioned for stuff like this all the time?"

"Probably," he laughed, "but we've got nothing to lose by asking, right? I mean, we might kind of be sexually harassing her in her workplace, but if it comes from you—girl-to-girl, it might feel less aggressive?"

I wagged my eyebrows at him and went to find her. He looked impressed when I returned with her in tow and said, "Kyra, this is Steve. Steve, Kyra is game to help us with my fantasy. We've

talked about starting with it just being the two of you using toys on me, but if that goes well, we can talk about trying other things."

Our shopping excursion was even more exciting than I had hoped because we had an expert helping us to pick out toys—but she wasn't just helping us to pick them! She would be helping us use them, too. My panties were soaked by the time we left with multiple shopping bags and a date with our new friend Kyra.

When the night we'd planned finally arrived, Steve and I were both giddy with excitement. We spent the hours leading up to Kyra's arrival giving each other teasing touches and knowing looks.

She finally arrived wearing a tiny black dress and towering black heels. She looked like a little evil pixie in all the best ways.

After the initial greetings, she said, "Not that I've done something like this a ton of times, but I've done it enough to know we just need to jump right in. If we try to chill and make conversation first, it only lets the anticipation build into awkwardness and it gets harder

and harder to make a move. We all know what we're here for...wanna get started?"

We all laughed with relief and agreed, heading to the bedroom where we'd laid out all the toys and bondage gear.

Steve and I ended up being clueless when it came to tying someone up, even with cuffs to make it easy, so we were glad Kyra was there to show off her skills.

Before I could give too much thought to what was happening, I was tied up on my back on the bed with my knees pulled up to my shoulders, pussy spread wide open. I'd never felt more exposed. Or more turned-on.

"Do you want to wear a gag, too?" Kyra asked.

Before I could answer, Steve responded with, "No. I want to hear her beg."

This seemed to be opening up a whole new side of my usually mild-mannered boyfriend, and I was into it.

They didn't talk much after that, but they got down to the action.

Kyra took a toy that looked like a shoulder massager with a big, round vibrating head on the end of it and

pressed it gently against my clit. At first it wasn't vibrating; she just slowly applied pressure, teasing me to greater arousal. I sighed and relaxed back, enjoying the attention as Steve began to tease my nipples, rolling and pinching them lightly between his fingertips.

I jerked in surprise when Kyra switched on the vibrate function, unprepared for how intense it was going to get and how I was suddenly going to be much more aware of the fact that I couldn't move because I was tied up.

She turned it up even higher, expertly rubbing across my clit in perfect little movements until I was on the brink of an orgasm. I couldn't believe how quickly she'd gotten me there, but just as I was about to come, she pulled the toy away, grinning at me in delight.

"Grab that one," she instructed my boyfriend, clearly in her element.

I didn't see what he'd picked up at first, but I felt something nudging against my slick cunt. Just as Steve managed to slide the toy inside me, Kyra turned the massager back on and went back to using it on my clit.

It took less than a minute for me to come to the most exquisite orgasm of my life. I didn't recognize the guttural sounds coming out of my mouth and didn't care.

Neither of them stopped or slowed down, Steve continuing to thrust the toy in and out of my clenching pussy, and Kyra rubbing a perfect vibrating rhythm across my clit. I came two more times in quick succession, pushing my legs out against my bonds even though they barely budged.

I was ready for a break from the intensity, so I laughed, "That was amazing, but can we stop for a second and give me a break?"

"Nope," Steve said immediately. "This is what you asked for. If you really want to stop, use your safe word, but then we'll have to untie you and be done. You specifically told me to keep going even if you begged."

They both started moving the toys again, but this time, I felt something small and slick press against the tight bud of my asshole. It slid in, followed by another and another, so I guessed it had to be anal beads. The extra stimulation was sweet torture. I'd never done much

ass-play, so I was initially insecure about it, but it was hard to hold on to thoughts about anything for long, except how amazing it felt.

I came again and again. It was too much, but they kept going. Steve switched to a bigger toy, stretching my pussy deliciously as he fucked me with it. One of them started pulling the beads out one at a time, driving me wild with anticipation as I waited for the next one to spread my ass just a little before slipping out.

Next came a butt plug. I knew it was going to be the biggest thing I'd ever had in my ass, so I was worried it might hurt, but I was so turned on, and they worked it in so slowly that there was no pain. When it reached the widest part, I came again, pushing it back out as I clenched my asshole with pleasure. The next time, they managed to get it all the way in. I felt so full with a big toy in my pussy and a plug filling my ass. It made me want to try double penetration. I wondered if the next time we did this, Kyra could fuck me in the ass with a strap-on as Steve fucked my

pussy. All my inhibitions seemed to have fallen away, and I wanted to try more of everything.

"Think we could try double penetration next time?" I voiced aloud, panting raggedly between words as they paused.

"Next time?" Kyra smirked. "Why don't we try it now?"

They untied some of my bonds, pulled the toys out of my ass and pussy, and rolled me over on top of Steve's incredibly hard cock. He thrust inside of me and began fucking my cunt in wonderfully forceful strokes.

Kyra didn't have a strap-on with her, but she slowly worked a dildo into my ass and fucked me with it. It was everything I hoped it would be. I lost track of how many times I came before Steve filled my pussy with his come.

Next time we would have to try more. And I needed to even the score with Kyra. For the first time, I wondered what another woman's pussy tasted like, and I couldn't wait to find out.

-Amber H., Seattle, WA







Whore in a Box

Warning: this is one of the most depraved stories to ever grace our pages.

By Taylor Forbes

From inside the box, I couldn't see anything but the sides. I could hear what was happening outside of the box, but it was muffled, the sound of my own breathing echoed around me. This wasn't my first gang bang, but it was to be my first from within the box. The idea had spawned from a joke we made about a glory hole. I was deeply turned on by anything degrading, so we had done variations of the glory hole on numerous occasions, but the last time I was sucking a cock through a hole in our bathroom door, someone suggested, "What if we just made a room for the slut to live in that had openings, so we could access her holes...and feed her occasionally?"

Everyone laughed, but the idea planted itself deeply in my brain. For weeks, that was all I could picture when I touched myself, fingering my pussy and imagining this magical room I was trapped in where people could use me any time they wanted.

I couldn't hold it in any longer, so I brought it up with my husband, Max.

"Remember that room you guys were talking about last time we had people over, the one where I would be shut in it, but it would have holes so you could all fuck me if you wanted... like a giant glory-hole box?" I asked, well past being shy about this stuff with my partner.

"Uh, kinda, yeah. Why?" Max responded.

"Do you think we could actually do that? I can't stop thinking about it."

He laughed but looked thoughtful, always taking my fantasies seriously.

Eventually he answered, "I don't know about a room, but I bet I could do it with something more like a box. Let me think about it and talk to some people and see what I can come up with."

We hadn't talked about the practicalities again, but I knew he would look into it. Now that he knew it was a big fantasy for me, though, he brought it up when he fucked me, painting the mental image with his filthy words.

One afternoon, he had me blindfolded and on my knees as he fucked my face, driving his cock deep into my mouth.

"You really are just a filthy fucking hole to stick my cock in, aren't you, slut? I bet you're turned on just from me fucking your face. You like it when I use you."

I moaned in answer, rubbing my clit with one hand and cupping his balls with the other, eager to please.

"Since you like it so much, maybe I should just lock you in a box and rent you out. Charge a fee to let people fuck your holes. What do you think the going rate would be for this dirty little mouth?"



I assumed it was a rhetorical question since he didn't pull his cock out to let me answer.

Max continued, "I'll lock you in there with a hole for your pussy and ass, one for your mouth, and one for each hand, so you can actually be useful for once. You only have value to me as a come dumpster, anyway."

I felt my pussy get even wetter around my fingers, the slippery moisture allowing me to rub my clit even faster. Something about being degraded like this aroused me viscerally. It was dirty and I liked it.

"In fact, slut, I think I like this idea enough to actually do it. And that's why I've had a special box made just for you."

My stomach flipped with excitement. Other women might want romantic gestures of jewelry or designer handbags, but the best way my man could show me that he loved me was to make my filthy dreams come true. He never failed me.

Max pulled the blindfold off and

grabbed me by the hair. He pumped even deeper into my throat, making me gag and drool all over myself. I was so close to getting off, but he came in my throat before I could get there and released my hair, making me fall in a panting, messy heap on the floor. I was desperate to come but knew that if he hadn't let me finish, he had something else in mind.

"Come with me," he said without a hint of irony, but the look in his eyes told me he knew what state he had left me in.

I followed as he led me down to the basement, where the really good stuff always happened. When he flipped the light on, I couldn't stop myself from grinning. There stood the box of my fantasies, just big enough to shut me in, with holes so I could service people. It wasn't hard-sided like I had imagined, but was made of a material that looked like what was used for wrestling mats, but thinner. The top had a fan and breathable mesh. Max must have seen me looking because

he said, "We don't give a fuck whether you're comfortable, but you wouldn't be much good to us if you suffocated."

My grin got even bigger. How did I get so lucky in finding a man who knew just how I wanted to be spoken to?

"Want to try it out?" he asked, meeting my eyes.

I knew this question was the only time he would ask for consent. If I said yes, the rules of our marriage would kick into effect, which essentially meant anything was fair game until I used my safe word. I didn't even need to hesitate.

"Fuck yes, I want to try it out," I answered. "Make me your box whore."

He chuckled, having known that would be my answer, and showed me how to crawl into my new playspace. It was an absolutely perfect fit, so he must have taken my measurements at some point without me realizing. There was a molded piece to press my head into, and once I was squeezed into place, I was leaning my chest and stomach on a little foam bench, ass





and pussy pressed firmly up against one of the holes. The holes for my hands had fabric over them so that I couldn't see out if I wasn't using them.

I thought I had been turned on when he was fucking my face, but now I was positively vibrating with excitement.

Just as I thought it couldn't get any better, he added, "I hope you don't mind, but I invited some friends over to christen our new toy."

I couldn't see anything, but I could hear muffled footsteps coming down the basement stairs. I tried to make out how many people it sounded like, but as they started to greet Max, it was impossible to tell.

"This is a fancy new box you have, Max! Can we try it out?" someone asked, and I could feel air move against my aching empty pussy.

"Hey, my box is your box, Evan," I heard my husband answer jovially.

There was lots of movement around the room, and then it felt like someone was blowing on my pussy, but no one did anything. I tried to rock back to encourage someone to touch me, opening my mouth in invitation, but still nothing happened.

"Maybe we should have a beer first," came Evan's muffled voice.

I groaned in frustration, making everyone laugh. I wanted to reach my hand back and make myself come to take the edge off, but just as the thought entered my mind, someone slid a cold beer bottle into each of my outstretched hands, saying, "Here, hold these and make yourself useful."

I could hear innocuous conversation and the tops being popped off of bottles. It was part of the game. I knew they were trying to make it feel like they didn't even care that I was naked and desperate, ready for their use—just to make me feel that much more degraded. And it was working.

After what felt like an eternity, I jumped when I felt the unmistakable rim of a bottle stroking my pussy lips. Even the hard, cold glass was a welcome feeling after waiting that long. I pushed back as far as the wall of the box would let me, but they continued to tease, very gently rubbing it back and forth across my most sensitive flesh.

A voice from behind me said, "I think your box whore wants me to shove something in these holes."

More laughter followed as Max replied, "Do whatever you want. Who gives a fuck what the box wants?"

The bottle moved from my pussy to my puckered asshole, the coldness making me clench in surprise. They pressed a little harder—not enough to actually penetrate me with the tip of the bottle, but enough to spread my asshole open a bit.

Two fingers suddenly shoved into my pussy, and I moaned wantonly, thrilled to finally have something inside of me. I wanted to get fucked hard, but they were clearly intent on teasing, as the fingers pumped in and out of me, but

There stood the box of my fantasies, just big enough to shut me in, with holes so I could service people.

slowly and far too gently.

Before I could stop myself, I blurted out, "More!"

"Your box whore is talking, Max. That doesn't seem like a very good use of its mouth," someone said.

The fingers pulled out and slapped my pussy hard. The bottle disappeared from my asshole. I pouted, but no one could see.

"We should put this mouth to better use," came a muffled female voice.

I eagerly pressed my face forward into the opening. Soft, feminine lips kissed mine and someone removed the beer bottles from my hands, letting me grab the hand holes to rest my arms. Then the lips disappeared and a nipple brushed the spot where they had been. I knew what was expected

of me, so I licked and teased it with my teeth until that, too, was taken away. Finally, she must have been on all fours in front of me and backed up to the box because at last, a pussy covered the bottom half of my face at the box's opening. I licked hungrily, seeking out her clit, wishing I could actually move to press forward against it harder. She let me lick for long moments before lowering herself and allowing me to slide my tongue from her pussy to her asshole. Many considered this to be an incredibly degrading act, so naturally it made my pussy clench with delight.

She started to rub her clit, so I took that as my cue to help her get off. I ran my tongue in probing, wet circles over the bud of her asshole, lapping firmly at her dirtiest hole. She pushed harder against my tongue, and I could hear her starting to moan.

"Oh, yeah," she cried, "this is a much better use of your box! I'm gonna come!"

"Squirt on her!" someone encouraged, and suddenly I knew that it was my friend Leah's asshole I was licking. She was a notorious squirter. I kept licking, and sure enough, moments later a torrent of liquid covered my face. I felt filthy, and I wanted more.

I didn't have to wait long before a hard cock replaced her pussy, prodding into the gap in the box to slide into my waiting mouth. He thrustured lazily in and out, not driving too deep.

Fingers speared my pussy again, sliding inside of me and spreading me open a little as someone drizzled lube onto my asshole. Another finger began penetrating my asshole, forcing more lube in each time until my ass was warmed-up and slick. They worked some of the lube into my pussy, too, which was a sure sign I was about to be used like the dirty whore I was.

Something larger than a finger pressed against my asshole, but it was hard to focus on what it was because the dick in my mouth had begun to press deeper and I had to focus on breathing. What must have been a butt plug was worked slowly in and out of my ass until it stretched wide enough to slide into place and stay there. I moaned, but no one could hear it

around the cock in my throat.

Suddenly, the blunt head of a dick pushed against my pussy lips, fingers spread me open, and he thrust inside, nailing me with hard, unforgiving strokes. All at once, I was overwhelmed by sensation, getting pounded from both ends but trapped within the confines of this box, totally at the mercy of the people around me. It was intensely arousing, but it wasn't going to get me to the orgasm I so desperately needed. As though reading my mind, someone pressed a vibrator's head against my clit, and I thought I was going to die from pleasure. It took less than a minute for me to come to a bone-melting climax, squeezing the dick inside me with each contraction of pleasure until he came, too. I was so focused on that, I didn't realize the cock in my mouth was about to do the same, so I choked on his load, causing it to run down my chin and all over my chest. I coughed so hard that the plug was forced out of my ass.

I went from having three holes filled to being totally empty, and I wasn't ready for it to be over. I hoped they would just keep going, but ever the dominant caretaker, Max inserted a straw through the mouth hole and made me drink some water.

"This isn't for your comfort, whore. It's so we can use you for longer."

I gulped some cold water, and he pulled the straw away again. I expected them to immediately start fucking me again, but there was a pause in the action, and it drove me crazy. I couldn't see what was happening. Were they getting ready to do something? Were they looking at my bare ass and pussy? What was going to happen next?

I felt someone push their fingers against my asshole, pressing into it and applying more lube. It didn't matter how many times I had been fucked in the ass; the thrill of it never went away for me. Every time someone penetrated my tightest hole, I experienced a flood of nervousness followed by exhilaration at the sensation and the knowledge of how taboo it was. It made me feel like a dirty, dirty girl in the most glorious way. I felt the pressure of what

I assumed was a cockhead nudging where the fingers had just been. It spread my ass much wider than the plug, and I groaned in quiet protest, but despite the intensity of that first thrust, I wanted him to thrust deeper and own my ass.

Another dick started to poke into the mouth hole of the box, jabbing me in the nose before parting my lips to allow it into my mouth. These were the moments I lived for, to be used to please others.

The dick in my ass changed from slow, long, tentative strokes to deep, hard, and fast thrusts that would have knocked me forward off the bench if I'd had anywhere to go. Since I was trapped in the box, all it did was drive me forward onto the cock that was ramming in and out of my throat. I knew it would probably hurt to swallow the following morning, but that soreness would put a smile on my face because it would tell me I had been properly used.

The vibrator returned to my clit just as another dick slid its way into my left hand. I opened the fingers of my right hand expecting to grasp another cock, but someone grabbed them and thrust them into a wet, waiting pussy instead. It was thrilling, not having any idea what would happen next and having to figure out what was currently happening just by feeling. When I first felt the wetness on my fingertips, I thought someone was sucking my fingers into their mouth, but when I focused on the sensations, I realized someone was actually riding my hand, thrusting my fingers in and out as it felt like they were working their clit.

It was hard to focus on any one sensation as I got fucked from all angles. The dick in my ass was the most immediate feeling because of the intensity, but the one in my mouth demanded attention because it kept gagging me and cutting off my air supply. When he pulled out to give me a moment to breathe, I coughed and sputtered again, intensifying the sensations in my ass even more. I thought he had been giving me a second to rest, but when the dick slid back in my mouth, it was bigger than it had been, so someone must

have changed places. I didn't even know how many people were in the room or how many times I would get fucked before the day was done. It was everything I loved about a gang bang, with the added bonus of constantly keeping me on edge.

I squeezed the dick that was thrusting into my left hand, hoping I was pleasing whomever it was despite my inability to do much more than that from inside the box.

The person riding my fingers pushed my hand in deeper until I was close to fisting them. It felt like her pussy was trying to break my knuckles until she finally came. I could feel it as she rode the orgasm out before pulling away, leaving my fingers coated with her juices. Someone—it could have been the owner of the mystery pussy—started to lick my fingers clean, gently sliding their tongue and teeth along each finger, seeming to savor the taste.

The guy who was fucking my ass finished, but someone else immediately replaced him. This cock was shorter but thicker, so it spread my hole even wider. He only gave me two strokes to get accustomed to his girth before pounding into me hard. Someone turned the vibrator on my clit up harder, and I instantly came again. They kept going, though, and I came two more times in the time it took the cocks in my mouth and ass to release their loads. This time I was ready and swallowed like the good little whore I was.

Someone started fucking my pussy, and from the voice I knew it was my husband. He pulled the vibrator away from my clit and teased my ass with it instead. Since it had been well-fucked already, it was easy for him to slide the tip of the vibrator in and out in time with his thrusts into my pussy. Someone had worked their way under Max and began licking my clit. The wet, rolling pressure combined with my husband claiming me, drove me over the edge one final time.

My first experience in my new box exceeded my every fantasy. Whatever they might want to do to me the next time they let me use my box, I won't see it coming. ☪



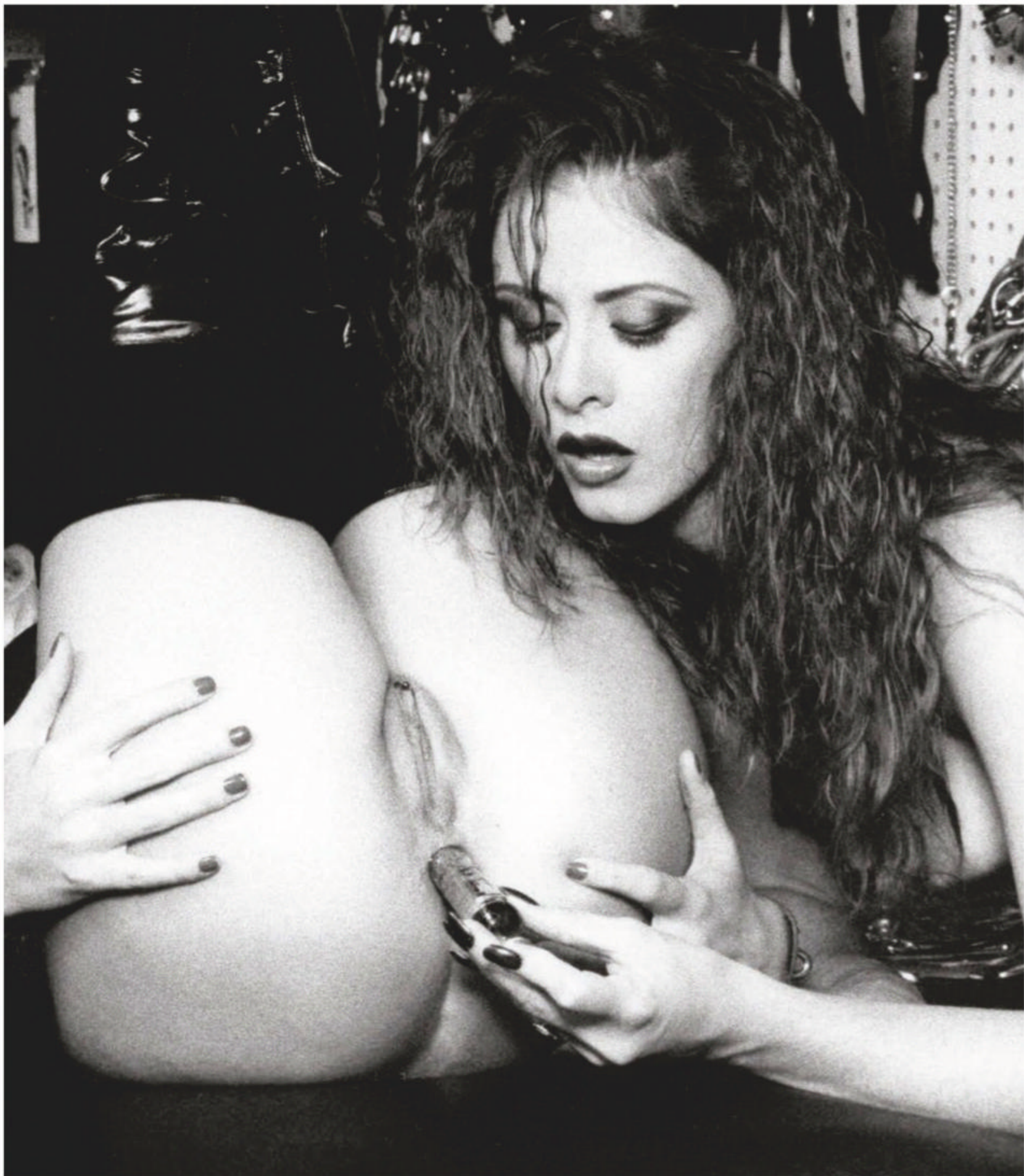
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The Repairman

I was less than pleased when my ten-month-old dishwasher broke down. It kept cutting itself off over and over again. I did everything the manual said and still a no-go, so I made the call, thankful it was still under warranty.

I was assured my satisfaction was key and a repairman would be dispatched the following Monday. Hand-washing dishes is not my idea of fun, so I was grateful during those few days that I lived alone.

I was expecting something completely different than Toby. He showed up and cast a shadow over my entire doorway. I saw his outline before I even swung the door open. I couldn't help but stare as I stepped back to let him in.

A huge, towering man, six-foot-six at least, with dark chocolate skin and arresting, whiskey-colored eyes.

"Good morning," he said, giving me a slight nod.

Oh, was the giant shy? I wondered. He was my kind of man. Broad, bulky, soft-spoken. Huge hands that would look good parting my thighs and touching me while he ate my pussy.

I glanced at his ring finger—bare.

"Sorry," I said, finding my voice. "I'll get you some coffee."

He opened his mouth to protest, but when I held up a hand, he stopped and smiled, then nodded again.

My pussy grew wet instantly. *What a good boy.*

I was in my workout clothes. I'd gotten dressed but had run out of time, figuring I'd work out when he was finished and gone. I was glad for it. The tight spandex pants hugged my ass and

showed off the legs for which I'd worked so hard. The tight-fitting tank top accented my tits and my arms.

It couldn't have worked out better.

He followed me into the kitchen and bent to inspect the unit. I inspected his ass while he was at it. I poured two cups of coffee and handed him one.

"Cream? Sugar?"

"Black is fine."

I agreed entirely and couldn't keep the smile off my face.

I moved closer and touched his wrist. The way his face changed and his body language shifted, I was pretty sure he was into me, too. "So now what?"

"I wait." He shrugged. "The little machine is running a diagnostic."

"Really? What do you normally do when that's happening?"

Another shrug. "Stand here."

I touched his chest briefly, withdrew my hand. "Or you could kneel. Are you a good boy?"

He licked his lips and that was all I needed to know. He was a good boy.

"That's a possibility," he rumbled.

I set my coffee down and then took his. He gave it up easily. I put it on the counter next to mine and then raised my arms to put my hands on his shoulders to push him down. He had a long way to go to bend.

I pushed my hands into my waistband and pushed my leggings

down slowly. Beneath, I was bare and warm, and my pussy was shaved. He seemed to like this, reaching for me before catching himself.

"Mouth first," I said. "Then hands."

He pushed his face to me and sought me out with his tongue. It slid—slick and warm—against my folds and then found my clit. He nudged it and I hummed softly. I gripped the back of his shorn head and thrust my hips forward, pressing my pussy against his seeking mouth.

When he had teased me to the point of panting, I growled, "You can use your hands now."

He gripped my thighs in his big hands. Meanwhile, the machine silently assessed my appliance. He parted my thighs and sucked at me, lapped at me, and ate me like I was his last meal.

He murmured against my pussy. I had no idea what he was saying and didn't care.

He slid his hands up higher, caressing the tops of my thighs. His fingers parted me so his tongue could tour me thoroughly. I arched my body forward and relished the warmth of his mouth and the drag of his tongue.

His fingers worked up higher, and he slid one into my pussy. It was a thick finger. And it zeroed in on the perfect place inside me. He curled it and thrust it, all while working my pussy with his tongue.

I held the back of his head hard. Pushed my hips forward harder. He remained stolid, secure, and unshakable.

It was a turn on like nothing else.

I thrust against him again and he simply parted his lips further to take me. He lapped at me, pushed his finger deeper, and growled against my mound.

I came.

It took me a moment to catch my breath. I glanced at his machine. It was still doing its thing.

I put my bare foot on his broad chest and pushed until he went back on his ass. I kept pushing until he went prone on my kitchen tile.

I got on my knees and opened his belt. I undid his button and pulled down his zipper. "Up," I said.

He raised his hips and I tugged his khakis and boxer briefs down. His big thick cock sprang up, and I couldn't help but lick my lips, imagining it stretching me to capacity, filling me up, making me come.

I took him in my hand and stroked him. I ran my hand up and down his thick shaft and rubbed the dot of pre-come on his tip around until his hips were bouncing. I smacked his flank with my hand and said, "Stay still."

He went still immediately.

That made my cunt wetter still.

I squirmed there, stroking him slowly, keeping my pace slow to drive him crazy. He pressed his lips together, clearly trying to keep control of himself. I shattered his control by bending over him and sucking his cockhead into my mouth. I ran my tongue along the ridges. I pressed my hands down hard on his hips to let him feel my power.

When he groaned, I sat back and patted his belly. "Here I come."

And I intended to come.

I straddled the tops of his thighs at first, pressing my wet pussy





against his warm skin, rocking so he could feel it, humping him like I was riding a horse.

He groaned again and I found it was the cutest thing ever. The air of desperation in that simple sound. I reached up, pressing my body against him as much as I could, and pinched his flat dark nipples as hard as I could.

His cock bobbed when I did that, so I repeated the pinch on the other side. It bobbed again and I pressed my belly against it.

I finally grew tired of my own game. I moved up his body to straddle his hips. His big dick was pressed to the split of my pussy. I grinded myself against him, working my clit with his rigid length.

I rocked my hips and thrust against him. I was so close to

I paused, rocking my hips side to side, then growing utterly still. Then I delivered a flurry of smacks on his flank and thigh. His cock twitched and bobbed inside me.

I exhaled slowly.

He forgot himself. He reached up and grabbed my hips.

I froze and tsk-ed at him. "Uh-uh, you should know better. You don't touch unless I tell you to touch. *Capisci?*"

He dropped his hands immediately and shut his eyes.

I gave him another five smacks for that. My hand was ringing like a bell. The fact that his ridiculously hard muscles were beating up my hand was my little secret.

I grabbed his shoulders and rocked my hips, driving myself



I held the back of his head hard. Pushed my hips forward harder.

coming. I pinched him again. He hissed. I parted my legs wider and rocked my clitoris against him. Then I came, gasping and shuddering over his massive frame.

"Now I'll put that big fucking cock inside me. How does that sound?"

He nodded over and over again. It made me grin. He was adorable. And hung like a horse.

I took my time sliding down his thick rod. He looked like he was going to cry at any moment. I rotated my hips as I worked him inside me. When he was all the way in, we both sighed. I pushed my hands against his shoulder and started to move.

"Is that good?" I cooed.

He nodded.

I smacked his flank as hard as I could. He was solid muscle, so it probably hurt me more than him, but I felt his dick jump deep inside me. It felt amazing.

"Use your words," I said.

"Yes," he mumbled.

I smacked him again. His dick twitched again—deep inside me where the sensation made me gush.

"Louder," I said.

His hips started to drive up from under me. He grunted and then managed a louder "yes."

"I think you like that," I said.

"What?"

I smacked him again. My hand stung, and the force reverberated through my forearm like a tuning fork.

"That," I said. "I can feel that big dick of yours practically dancing when I smack you."

He nodded, his dark eyes wet and shiny with the effort to control himself.

against him hard. I squeezed my internal muscles and rubbed my clit against him. "I'm going to come, big boy," I said.

He smiled, his eyes large and alert, watching me as I got closer.

I squeezed his big shoulders and moved faster. The pleasure built, the friction floored me, and my clit pounded along with my heartbeat.

The tightness in my pussy grew by leaps and bounds and then I was coming, clenching his hard flesh in my hands, my pussy fluttering and gripping his big dick.

I was feeling generous.

"You can get behind me," I said, looking down at him. "You were a good boy, so you can fuck me from behind. Do you want to fuck me from behind?"

"God, yes," he said.

I climbed off and turned over. I spread my legs, braced myself, and waited.

He made a wild noise, and I smiled. "Come on. I'll rescind the offer if you don't put that big fucking di—"

He entered me so hard I almost toppled forward, then I caught myself with my arm outstretched. I held myself steady and worked my clit with my free hand.

He pounded into me like a wild man. He panted, his breath hot on my back. He surged into me and growled, "I'm going to come."

"Go for it," I said. "Fucking fill me up."

Then he did. The final twirl of my fingertip on my clit pushed me over. I came a beat later, arms shaking.

His little machine beeped that it was done.

I laughed as he climbed to his feet. "Talk about timing, Toby."

—Heather H., Santa Rosa, CA



Fill His Hole

**I waited silently,
realizing how
badly I wanted
Luke to tell me
something I'd
never heard
before.**

I'd been seeing Luke for about six weeks—long enough for us to get more than physically intimate. I liked him. We were fucking like crazy. Now we were at the stage where we could share secrets.

One night he asked me, "What's the freakiest thing a guy ever asked you to do?"

I'd put on a skimpy sheer robe to go to the kitchen to grab a glass of wine. Luke was still lying naked on my bed. I dreamily surveyed his muscled body as I thought about his question. I sat on the bed and sipped my wine.

"Is it what a guy *asked* to do, or is it the freakiest thing I ever let a guy do with me?" I asked.

Luke grinned wickedly. "That you let him do."

I knew Luke never got jealous of my exes, so without hesitation I said, "My old boyfriend Danny used to like to come on my tits, then lick his own jizz off me."

His eyes just about bugged out. "*What?*" he nearly shrieked.

It was my turn to wickedly grin.

I gave Luke the details of how Danny would be fucking my pussy or mouth, then pull out at the last second and spray my breasts with his load. After that, I'd lie back and watch him eat his goo off my bare flesh.

"And you..." Luke's voice was husky. "...you *liked* it?" His cock was stirring. Obviously, *he* liked the idea.

"Oh, yeah." I shivered, remembering Danny's wet, hungry tongue and how his chin would be dripping with his own spunk.

"Was he, uh, gay?" Luke asked. "Or, I mean, bi?"

"Nope," I said. "Danny only liked to fuck pussy. But he craved come—or his own, anyway. Or eating it off *me*, at least."

Luke's cock was fully hard now. I eyed his face closely, still suspecting he'd asked me his initial question for a reason he hadn't yet revealed.

I decided to give him an opening if he wanted to take this line of questioning further. I hoped he did. I liked when the right guy got freaky with me.

"What's the freakiest thing you've ever asked a woman to do?" I asked coyly, sipping more wine.



I was surprised when he blushed and looked away. He waved a dismissive hand. “C’mon, China.”

I shrugged. “Okay. But tell me this...” I set aside the wineglass. “What freaky thing have you most wanted to do with *me*?”

“I...” No longer blushing, now he just looked scared.

I reached across the bed and touched his hand gently. “You can tell me, Luke. Even if I don’t want to do it, I’ll listen. I like you. You’re a sweet guy, the kind of guy whose dreams ought to come true—if he has any.”

Now I was committed. But I meant what I’d said. I would definitely listen. I’d had plenty of unusual and fun sexual experiences—a little spanking, a fair amount of lesbian mischief—but I was always ready for something new.

I waited silently, realizing how badly I wanted Luke to tell me something I’d never heard before.

He sat up and looked me in the eyes.

“Okay. But first, I should say I’m not gay or bisexual. I have plenty of gay friends, too, but I just never felt that way about another dude. But...”

But...

I held my breath.

“But,” he continued, “I like having a dildo in my ass. The sensation—it’s just incredible.” He winced, waiting for my reaction.

I grinned again. “I totally agree with you there.” Luke knew how much I liked anal.

My response seemed to give him courage. He said, bolder now, “Since I won’t let a guy fuck me, I’ve always wanted a woman—the right woman—to put on a strap-on and fuck my ass until I come.”

He slumped back as if drained from the effort of his confession.

I scooted swiftly across the bed, threw my arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek loudly. Excitement tingled all through me.

“I hope you’ll let me do that to you!” I whispered harshly against his ear.

He could only nod.

I got off the bed and flung away my robe. My nipples were hard and my pussy was slick all over again. I yanked open the special drawer in my dresser.

Luke watched wide-eyed as I took out my strap-on and wound the flexible band around my trim waist. I reached for lube and coated the black plastic cock I was now sporting.

Luke’s gaze was riveted on the artificial length. It wasn’t monster-sized, but I was sure it would give him the thrill he was looking for.

“How do you want it?” I asked, my voice shaking with desire.

He got off the bed. “Do me standing up,” he said in a raw whisper. Then he crossed to my bedroom’s full-length mirror and planted his hands on either side of it. He thrust his taut ass out at me.

I stepped in behind him. Before this moment I’d never realized I had any urge to fuck a man in the ass. It was like discovering a new color in the rainbow.

I saw the ferocious grin on my face in the mirror, past

Luke’s bent-over naked form.

I’d dildo-fucked girlfriends in the ass before, so this wasn’t completely alien to me. I set my lube-gleaming cockhead to the ring of Luke’s asshole.

He shuddered at the contact, but his mirror face was twisted with a dark pleasure. I rolled my plastic crown around his sweet vulnerable hollow.

I planted my feet, feeling a surge of sexual force. It was the same when I fucked a woman like this. Actually, this was even more intense, knowing I was basically taking Luke’s ass virginity.

It was one thing to put a dildo up your own butt. It was something else—something spectacularly more erotic—to have someone else doing the penetrating.

I shifted my hips. I pressed forward. Luke’s hole widened. I applied more pressure. Suddenly his ring swallowed my cockhead. He gasped.

“Is it okay?” I asked, concerned.

He bared his teeth in the mirror. “Oh, fuck yeah.”

I knew the collar of nerves that got stimulated by this sort of incursion. It was a sinister pleasure. I’d enjoyed it many times. But males were equipped with those same bundles of nerves. Guys who didn’t know that were missing out.

My hands closed around Luke’s hips. I slid more of myself into his sculpted ass. It was a beautiful sight, the way my black plastic inches disappeared into his hole.

I did it slowly, mindful of all his reactions. A wild rippling joy moved all through me. I knew this was something special.

As I slipped my lubed length all the way home, I leaned forward, breathing on the nape of his neck. I pressed my tits against his back, my nips singing a high song of pleasure as they brushed his bare flesh.

“Does that feel good?” I asked.

“So fuckin’ good...”

I gave his earlobe a playful lick, then shifted back and started to slowly stroke in and out of his ass.

In the reflection I could see his cock bobbing up and down with my movements. He was still fiercely hard, a bead of clear pre-come dangling from his cock. Impulsively, I reached around him and caught it on my finger.

I brought it to my mouth and savored the salty dewdrop of his masculine flavor.

My hips worked at a steady tempo. These were sex muscles I didn’t get to exercise too often, and the sweet strain of my movements only added to my pleasure.

As I fucked him, I grew aware of a strange sensation. It was something on top of the normal carnal joys. My pussy was flowing, my nipples were buzzing, yes—but I suddenly realized that my *cock* was also pulsing with carnal delight.

I caught myself before I laughed out loud. I didn’t want to distract Luke. And I completely understood that this was just my overwrought imagination. I had a piece of plastic strapped to my body. It was a purely fake appendage.

And yet, I swore I could feel the tight clasp of Luke’s anal passage around my length. I felt the hot clinging of his walls around my male girth. My cockhead throbbed as I plowed him to his deepest reaches.

He was thrusting back against me now, and I was fucking him



harder. We moved like a crazy, fleshy machine. The mirror only added to the fun-house lunacy.

Luke moaned. His fingers were white where they pressed the wall on either side of the mirror. I hoped to hell this was everything he'd wanted it to be.

I fucked him even faster, as if losing control, as if my desperate cock was raging its way toward a mad spewing orgasm. But I made sure Luke was still enjoying it.

His groans and growls were the sounds of unmistakable pleasure. His bouncing cock was as big and red as I'd ever seen it.

My own cock continued to ream his hole. I plumbed his anal depths. I always loved it when he pounded me this way, and I was glad to return the favor—more than glad. Luke had shown me a part of myself tonight I hadn't known existed.

I was a woman who liked fucking a man's ass. In fact, I was

a woman who was about to *come* from fucking a man's ass.

The ecstasy was gathering. Heat swarmed up over my body. My skin was slick with sweat. My pussy drizzled madly. And yet I felt like my climax was going to express itself as jizz erupting from the tip of my cock.

"I'm gonna come in your ass!" The shouted words were out of my mouth before I could stop them.

At that instant my orgasm ripped through me. It traveled the length of me, igniting nerves, tightening muscles. In my mind I was pumping come deep into Luke's ass.

He let out a cry of his own. Suddenly pearly spunk striped the mirror. Jet after thick jet shot out as his body shook with bliss.

Finally, he'd completely unloaded. I held him from behind and said into his ear, "I'll fuck you anytime you want."

—China D., Raleigh, NC





Purr-fect Pet

How to describe my lifestyle? Well, I work from home as a web designer—that's the boring part. But I am also charged with “being at home” per the arrangement I have with my very affectionate master. Calling myself a “live-in sex kitten” sounds like I'm joking or making some exaggeration, but I'm being literal. Allow me to explain.

I am sure that some of you would describe yourselves as “cat people.” Well, Master and I are, and we own two pedigreed seal-point Himalayans who spend their days looking elegant. And maybe some of you also harbor some secret (or not-so-secret) fantasies about the Marvel/DC Comics villainess Catwoman? I mean, who can't appreciate a vampy, sensual babe who can rock a latex bodysuit and bring those caped crusaders to their knees? Master has never made any secret about his Catwoman fantasies, and he loves showing me off at any couples' cosplay event!

So with a mutual adoration of things that are “feline” in nature, he and I started off as your basic vanilla couple. Once we moved in together, we enjoyed mixing it up with some domestic discipline—and it all feels so natural. Strange as it might sound, with all the freedom I have working from home, sometimes I need a push to give me more focus and order. Knowing that Master will spank my bottom red if I procrastinate or leave on the oven makes me soaking-wet!

Now, Master is always generous with rewards for a job well-done. If I manage to greet him at the door in a nice dress with dinner ready, he'll reward me by savoring my pussy for dessert—and he'll make me come until I squeal! But if I have a “naughty day,” then I look forward to my firm spanking and the slow tor-ment of craving my own release.

This arrangement isn't for everyone, but it definitely suits us, both in and out of the bedroom. After just a few weeks, I found that we connected more sexually, but we also learned more about each other's needs. A few months into our domestic-discipline bliss, we were on the couch watching old episodes of *Bewitched* when Master paused the television during the opening credits: “I love this.”

“What about it?”

“The way the animated Samantha changes back and forth from adoring traditional housewife to sweet purring cat.” He stroked my thigh. “It makes me think of you.”

At first I laughed, but then I got serious. “Would you like me to purr for you?”

“Yes.” Master pulled me close and nuzzled me. “And I want you to absolutely crave my affection.”

“And rub against you?” I whispered as my hand ventured south to his manhood.

He playfully “bopped” my nose with his index finger: “No, sweet kitty—not until I say so.”

Of course, I persisted. “Ooh, no—don't disappoint me.” I nuzzled his neck and kissed my way down his chest.

Master shook his head. “Cats always know how to get their way.” He reached around and lifted my chiffon baby-doll top, squeezing my bare bottom. “How can I say no?”

I giggled and purred, undoing his lounge pants. “I've been wet for you all day.”

I began to polish his shaft with my mouth, working him down my throat as much as my gag reflex could allow.

Master groaned and held my hair back: “That's right, baby. Make sure I'm nice and slick.”

I have worked very hard on my deep-throating skills throughout the years, and I love upending control this way. I sucked him and purred, making the vibrations in my throat



tease him even more. After a few moments of this, my poor Master could barely contain himself.

"Enough!" he gasped with ragged breaths. "Stop—get up."

I obeyed and released his slick member from my mouth, swirling my tongue one last time on its head. "Yes, Master." I licked my lower lip and stood up.

He wasted no time putting me over the couch's soft arm. "Are you ready for me?" he said, with a sharp spank to follow up.

"Mmm, yes, please."

"Reach down and open yourself up for me." I smiled up at him and readily obeyed.

I keep myself Brazilian-waxed, so not only is my pussy nice and smooth, but you can see my inner labia protruding in the most sensual way, no matter my position. A bare pussy also feels divine when I wear lace or satin panties.

But more importantly, Master loves to watch my manicured fingers spread my pussy lips and play with my clit. Sometimes he'll randomly make me drop whatever I'm doing to get on the bed and make myself wet for him so he can taste me.

As I touched myself, knowing he was watching, my arousal and anticipation already had me floating away, and then I felt him enter me from behind. "Oh!" I bit down on my lip. "Mmm, more."

Master tugged my hair and nipped my neck: "Keep touching yourself."

And that's when his thick rod impaled

me to the hilt. I cried out sharply, frantically stroking my clit.

His thrusts grew more determined, harder and faster. His hands tore open the front of my flimsy baby doll, freeing my tits. He pinched my nipples and cupped my breasts. "You better come really hard for me."

"Yes, Master," I moaned. I could feel my pussy muscles clenching down already as he nailed my G-spot with every thrust.

He took his hands off my breasts and moved them down to my ass, kneading and spanking as he pulled my cheeks apart. "Mmm, I could fuck this little pussy all day."

I gasped sharply. As I orgasmed, he pulled me close again, not letting up until my body stopped shaking.

Master pulled out, and as I am accustomed to doing, I got on my knees to swallow his hot load.

My first cat-ear headband (made of solid black velvet) arrived the next day, along with two dozen red roses. That was how it started, and neither of us wants it to stop.

I've taken to wearing my special "cat ears" now on pretty much a daily basis—it helps that such headbands are currently trendy, but I love rocking them regardless knowing what they mean to us both. And I absolutely love it when he gifts me with more sheer black lingerie or anything trimmed in marabou feathers for me to "claw" at!

I am naturally petite, small-busted, and

do yoga, so it's easy for me to contort my body into some inventive sexual positions or to simply climb into Master's lap to be cherished. He works all day in a cold corporate office, and I know that besides giving me pleasure, holding my warm body close helps him to relax right away. I also keep my nails shaped into sleek stiletto tips for when he wants to feel me "kneading" his shoulders or back.

Our "coming home" routine is still very much the same as I described earlier. He expects the house to be warm, welcoming, and impeccably clean. He likes it when I greet him at the door and take his coat. If I'm not in lingerie, I wear one of my many dresses. Either way, Master always compliments me and makes me feel beautiful.

Once he sits down on our couch, I serve him either a martini or a scotch and then usually impose upon his lap. Last night, I was up to my usual frisky antics. I wiggled my ass in his lap, feeling his member pulse to life. "I want you now." I kissed along his jawline.

"No, sweet kitty, wait for after dinner." Master ran his hands through my hair. "I don't want you to spoil your appetite," he grinned.

I giggled and started to "paw" at his belt buckle. "Mmm, please? Can't I have some? Just a taste?" I gave him my most persuasive pout.

"Oh, well, I can see you won't be deterred." Master sighed and wagged his

finger at me. "Just a little taste, my sweet," he winked.

We smiled at each other, reveling in our chemistry for a moment. Then I made my move. I unzipped him, took out his dick, and began to stroke him slowly. "I think about this all day, you know."

"I know you do. That's why we have to keep you in line."

"Well," I said, pausing to suck the head of his dick, "you certainly try."

Master chuckled but then quickly stopped as I took his whole shaft down my throat. While I worked him with my mouth, I let my "claws" roam around the sensitive skin nearby and eventually apply light scratches to his balls. He moaned and held my hair back for me. I knew he was getting close, and what he said next confirmed it.

"Oh baby—stop—stop and let me have you."

I released him from my mouth and smirked: "Are you sure? I could go check on dinner."

Master laughed and pulled me up into his lap where his cock was ready to impale my soaked pussy. "You really know how to drive a man crazy."

"I'm glad you feel that way," I teased.

He gave my ass a little slap as he slid inside my slick pussy.

I rode him and sank my "claws" into his shoulders. I'm never too rough, but he loves it when I leave him little marks of love.

We kept on going, kissing and fucking until I came, and then he decided that not only should I come again for him, but he wanted my ass, too. Getting stuffed in both holes is always such a treat! I turned around and rode him reverse cowgirl, rubbing my clit until the pleasurable stretching of my asshole took us both

over the edge.

For anyone bristling that my servitude seems one-sided or that I am somehow "oppressed," I beg to differ. My submission is completely voluntary and it thrills me to no end. And besides his unwavering support of my goals and dreams, Master takes just as much pleasure in pampering me as I do for him.

Sometimes on the weekends, he'll spoil his favorite sex kitten with a very special treat, a bowl of crème anglaise with fresh strawberries (and French-pressed coffee for later). I don't mind making a show of bending down to lick some of it up. There's nothing like the rush of giving him a good tease, which shortly entices him to pleasure me more. You could say I'm the cat who always gets the cream.

—Cindy K., via email



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A close-up photograph of a woman's back and buttocks. She is wearing black, lace-trimmed underwear. Her hands are placed on her hips, with her fingers spread. Her fingernails are painted a bright red. The background is a plain, light color.

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